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THE NEW YORKER

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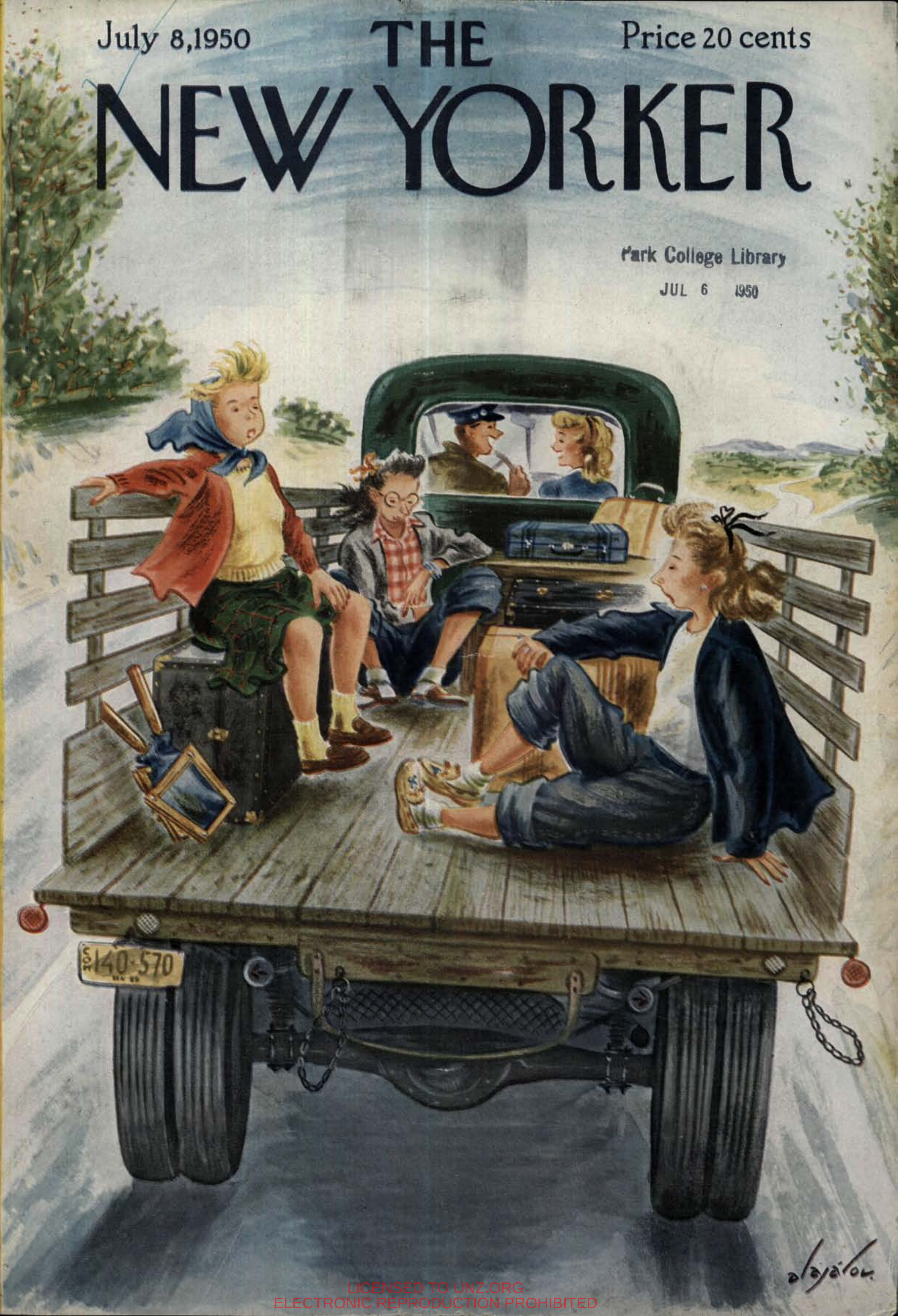
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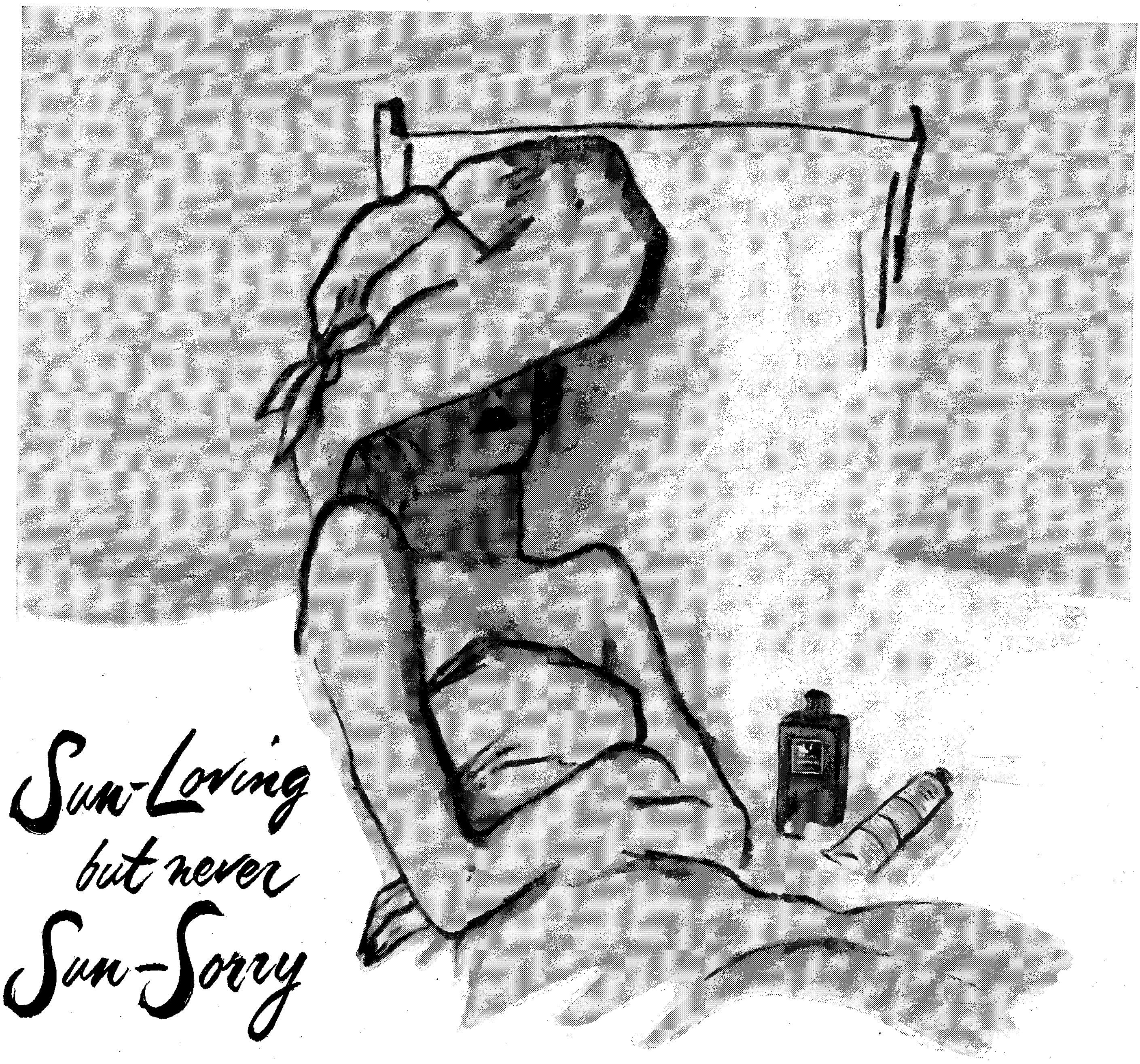

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's arresting play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Now with Henry Daniell and Margaret Phillips, as well as Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about a middle-aged couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Wallace Ford have the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays, except July 6, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—A comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy. It is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel about a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody has unusual humor and pathos. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it has its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—death of a salesman: The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Albert Dekker is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement is an opera in the true sense of the word. Neither the score nor the libretto is particularly distinguished by itself, yet in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers. Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Mr. Todd has resurrected burlesque in a big, rough show that features six former practitioners of the art, as well as some of the handsomest and most lightly clad girls you ever saw. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music is the work of many hands, among them those of the King of Thailand; and the cast includes Lina Romay. Not recommended for the overly fastidious. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is Peter, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and Boris Karloff is both Mr. Darling and Captain Hook in this stylish and intelligent revival of the Barrie fantasy. Also, Leonard Bernstein has added some excellent incidental music. A first-rate production, though the play itself may call for a somewhat indulgent attitude. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Texas, Li'l Darlin'—This musical, about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas, is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, and Fredd Wayne turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tickets, Please!—Except for a few sketches entrusted to its stars, Paul and Grace Hartman, this revue seems a little lacking in humor. Among the other performers are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. Nine people collaborated on the music, the lyrics, and the sketches, which may be just a few too many. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—kiss me, kate: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Now with Keith Andes and Anne Jeffreys. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton has replaced Ezio Pinza, but we still have Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Julius Caesar—Basil Rathbone in a theatre-in-the-round production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Produced by David Heilweil and Derrick Lynn-Thomas, and directed by Dan Levin. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 15.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Through Saturday, July 8: "Seventeen." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "The Comedy of Errors." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beverly—Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:45.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, July 8: Nancy Carroll in "Personal Appearance." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Lila Lee in "The Velvet Glove." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 8: "Murder Without Crime." Wednesday through Saturday, July 12-15: "The Enchanted Cottage." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 8: "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday,

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 10-15: "Here Today." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 8: Helmut Dantine and Beatrice Pearson in "Arms and the Man." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: John Carradine in "Julius Caesar." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 8: Paulette Goddard in "Caesar and Cleopatra." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Lillian Gish in a new play, "Miss Mabel." (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Sunday, July 9: "Years Ago." Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16: "See How They Run." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 8: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Glenda Farrell in "The Fatal Weakness." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 8: Frank Lyon in "Harvey." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "The Silver Whistle." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, July 8: "Clutterbuck." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "Two Blind Mice." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Hyannis—Through Sunday, July 9: "The New Moon." Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16: "The Chocolate Soldier." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 8: Nigel Bruce in "Yes, M'Lord." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Shelley Winters in "Born Yesterday." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jutland—Wednesday through Sunday, July 12-16: "They Knew What They Wanted." (Hunterdon Hills Playhouse, Jutland, N.J. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Sunday, July 9: "Blithe Spirit." Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16: "Hell Bent for Heaven." (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Maine. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:15.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 9: "The Great Waltz." Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16: "Bloomer Girl." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 9: "Born Yesterday." Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16: "O Mistress Mine." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 8: Lon McCallister in "The Poor Nut." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: James Dunn in "Harvey." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—"Roberta." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 8: Claire Luce in "Idiot's Delight." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Lon McCallister in "The Poor Nut." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, July 8: Mildred Natwick in "The Torch Bearers." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Bert Wheeler in "Harvey." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 6: "The Cherry Orchard." Friday, July 7: "Uncle Vanya." Saturday, July 8, at 7:45 and 10:15: "Androcles and the Lion." Tuesday, July 11: "The Cherry Orchard." Wednesday, July 12: "Ladies in Arms." Thursday, July 13: "The Quick and the Dead." Friday and Saturday, July 14-15: "Skipper Next to God." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 8, at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 8: "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Faye Emerson and Francis Lederer in a new play, "Parisienne." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 8: "The Play's the Thing." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Sam Levene in "Light Up the Sky." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 8: Eve Arden in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 8: "Miranda." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "Born Yesterday." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, July 9: Jean Parker in "Light Up the Sky." Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16: Stuart Erwin in "Harvey." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 9: "What a Life." Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16: "Arms and the Man." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 8: "Parlor Story." Starting Wednesday, July 12: "Laburnum Grove." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Princeton—Through Saturday, July 8: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Eve Arden in "Over 21." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 8: "Anna Christie." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "Right You Are." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga—Through Saturday, July 8: Diana Barrymore in "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Carol Stone in "The Gay Divorcee." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 8: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 8: "Clutterbuck." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "The Silver Whistle." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 8: "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "Burlesque." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 8: "The Sacred Flame." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: "Peg o' My Heart." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 8: Maurice Evans in "The Devil's Disciple." Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: John Emery in "The Life of the Party," a new play by Lawrence Langner. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Saturday, July 8: Eva Le Gallienne in "Fortunato," and Margaret Webster in "The Apollo of Bellac," by Jean Giraudoux. Monday through Saturday, July 10-15: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2:45.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing: Mara and her group of dancers, and others, July 7-8. . . . ¶ Nana Gollner, Paul Petroff, and others, July 14-15. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9; through Saturday, Sept. 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The subterranean Garden, the closest most of us will ever get to Down Under, offers Jules Lande's band, except on Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Through Saturday, July 8, Carmen Cavallaro's piano and orchestra, waxing lush beside one of the town's biggest dance floors. Alan Holmes' band fills in the chinks nicely. Starting Monday, July 10, Tommy Dorsey's rug-cutter music. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra during cocktails, except Sundays, "under the clock," and at dinner on the Cascades Roof, which is closed Saturdays and Sundays. No dancing.

Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof, in mothballs for a few seasons, is again in operation, offering the dance band of Bob Collum and the finest view west of Mount Everest. The view begins at six, the band at nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Billy Daniels, a love-in-bloom sort of songster, and the Mad Moiselles, three odd and rampageous hoydens. Dance music, too. The perennial Cliff Jackson plays piano during the interludes.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A long and energetic old-time strutters' ball, involving such skilled Early Americana as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, and Harry Armstrong. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Sleeping beauties who rarely see the light of day glitter here after dark every evening. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room is up to one of its better old tricks, a big, bustling ice show twice a night, and dance music (by Bernie Cummins' band, at the moment) in between. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest cocktail-hour dance music in the Café Pierre every afternoon, and reappears at dinner and supper. Franz Dietschmann plays the zither, and Bernice Byres sings.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's band and a piano duo. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, big, pink, beautiful, and mannerly, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras zipping up and down on their moving platforms from dinnertime on. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Through Wednesday, July 12, Blue Barron's big dance band will be in the Café Rouge. Next night, Shep Fields' orchestra moves in. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A coëducational field house where an enormous indoor-track team is constantly in (or out of) training. Suzy Mulligan, the squad's singing mascot, will be on vacation after Wednesday, July 12. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—A reasonably close approach to Nature is afforded by the open-air terrace, where the breezes may cool your soup but will also cool your brow. Dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A good substitute for a summer in that dream château on the Loire. This one is well appointed, with air-conditioning, Emile Petti's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, Don Cornell's songs (this time of year, the Versailles gives its farm-club pitchers a bit of big-league experience), and other modern trimmings.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, at dinner and supper, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires putting their heads together in complete harmony. Sammy Kaye's dance music at dinner and, spelled by Mischa Borr's band, at supper. On Sundays, no show, but the Borr band works until midnight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Eadie and Rack, co-inventors of the most beguiling piano music in town, have this alcove all to themselves this summer. They're around from nine o'clock on, except Sundays.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of night life, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. ... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music, after nine-thirty, for a phrenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Nicolas Matthey's trio plays prowler string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio tinkles along after ten.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, a big, breezy, fun-loving Rover Girl, is back at her old stamping ground, along with Alan Ross, who is of a tenor persuasion. In the background, the piano of those old reliables—Hazel Webster and the team of Harold Fonville and Bob Downey. Rudolph Valentino movies Sunday nights; amateurs on Mondays.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of sunburst décor. Closed Sundays.... **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Joan Bishop's piano Mondays through Fridays at cocktail time, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, doing the ballads that bright young men like Alec Wilder and Bart Howard think up for her. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, an L.P. record of yesteryear's best tunes, and Billy Kyle stroke their pianos from dinnertime on and, except Mondays, later back up the perky ballads of Thelma Carpenter. On Sundays, Mr. Brewis helps out Ileen Cook and her ditties about that bit of bad in every good little girl.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, the indomitable steam calliope, has joined up with her old pals—Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. The eminent Ellis Larkin purveys dinnertime piano, starting at seven. Closed Mondays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays.... **CAFÉ GRINZING,** 323 E. 79th St. (RE 4-9117): Fritzi Scheff, fresh as a daisy and still three times as handsome, conducts a very sassy song recital here twice every evening. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Another large-scale Copa production. Mindy Carson, for whom life began here last year, is back to sing again; Romo Vincent is the comic; the DiGatanos are the dancers; and there is also that line of showgirls. Dance music, too. On Wednesday, July 12, a new set of strolling players takes over.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): A rather unusual aspect of country life in America. Jackie Miles, copiously supplied with gags (some old, some new, some borrowed, some blue), is the social director, and Pupi Campo and Walter Nye are the band leaders. Giselle and François Szony contribute a nice sequence of stylized ballet.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

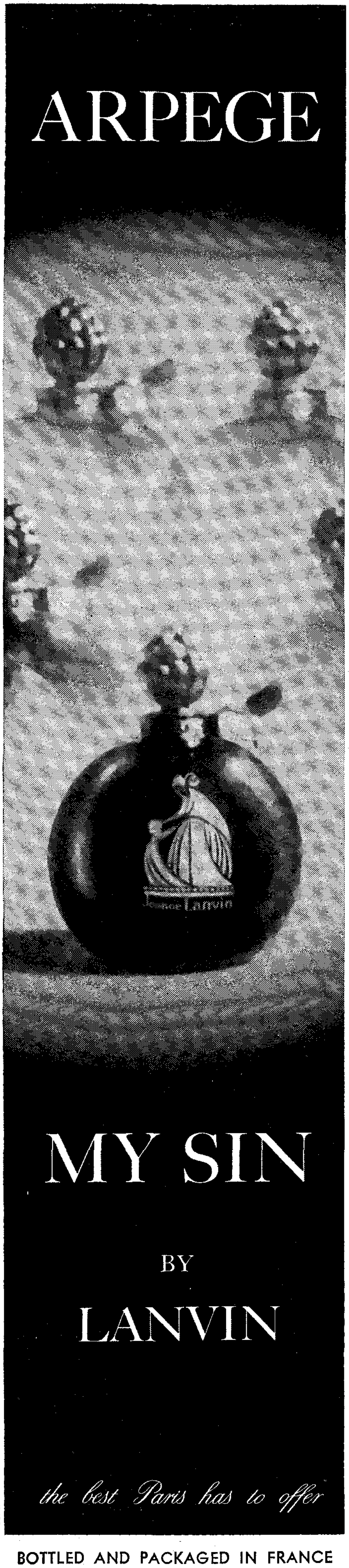
(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Nary a zither player in this hallowed hall, where Wild Bill Davison flexes his mighty wind machine every hour on the half hour. Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Mr. Condon add their own hot licks. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Bill Farrell sings and Charlie Barnet's orchestra rockets along. Closed Mondays.... **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin's peppery trio, awakening long-dormant echoes in the Mermaid Room.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Something is always going on here. Right now, it's probably Charlie Parker's new band, equipped with some string instruments (whither bop now?), and a group headed by Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On July 7, Wild Bill Davison and his sharpshooters (Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Joe Sullivan, and Tony Sbarbaro) will tee off against Red Allen and his mob (J. C. Higginbotham, Buster Bailey, George Wettling, and James P. Johnson).... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (July 7), Edmond Hall, Big Sid Catlett, Kansas Fields, Gene Sedric, Munn Ware, and Max Kaminsky. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

Dancing—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays.... **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra; closed Mondays.... **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

Dinner—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays.... **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998).... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays.... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475).... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167).... ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979).... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening, except Monday.... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays.... **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784).... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings.... ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano, except Tuesdays.... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Poundridge 4-9371); closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120).... ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays.... ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870).... **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:**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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y.: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.: Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around* 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 9. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, including Vaclav Vytlacil, Chaim Soutine, and James Ensor; through July 22. Open Saturdays. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant group of oils and other works by Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, Lucius Crowell, and others; through July 31. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Oils by Milton Avery, Pedro Figari, Pierre Grimm, and Eric Isenburger; through July 31. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, Doris Rosenthal, and others, in this gallery's seasonal retrospective; through July 31. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Marsden Hartley, John von Wicht, Jankel Adler, and others; through July 28. . . . SALPETER, 36 W. 56th St.: New paintings, in several mediums, by Maurice Sievan, Shirley Hendrick, and Charles Heidenreich, among others. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 9. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Balcomb Greene, Siv Holme, Alfred H. Maurer, and others, in an exhibition called "Fact and Fantasy;" through July 31. . . . WELLONS, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Lachaise, McFee, Manship, Robus, Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: A well-balanced showing of water colors by Bruno Krauskopf, Mary Thomas, Dorothy Sturm, and others; through July 28.

Landscapes—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

Marine Paintings—The sea as interpreted by Courbet, Vlaminck, Dufy, Feininger, and other artists, of various periods. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through July 31.)

National Arts Club—The annual summer display of work, in all mediums, by members. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, 11 to 6; through Sept. 15.)

Prints—An exhibition covering the past fifty years. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

Sculpture—*An outdoor showing of pieces by* members of the National Sculpture Society and of the National Academy. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31.)

Harold Sterner—Drawings, done with documentary exactness, of a number of historically important and architecturally interesting American buildings. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Sept. 1.)

The Woman in French Painting—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 1.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Charles Demuth; through July 28. . . . ¶ Group shows at the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through July 22. HACKER, 24 W. 58th St.; through July 29. Open Saturdays. LEVITT, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through July 28.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

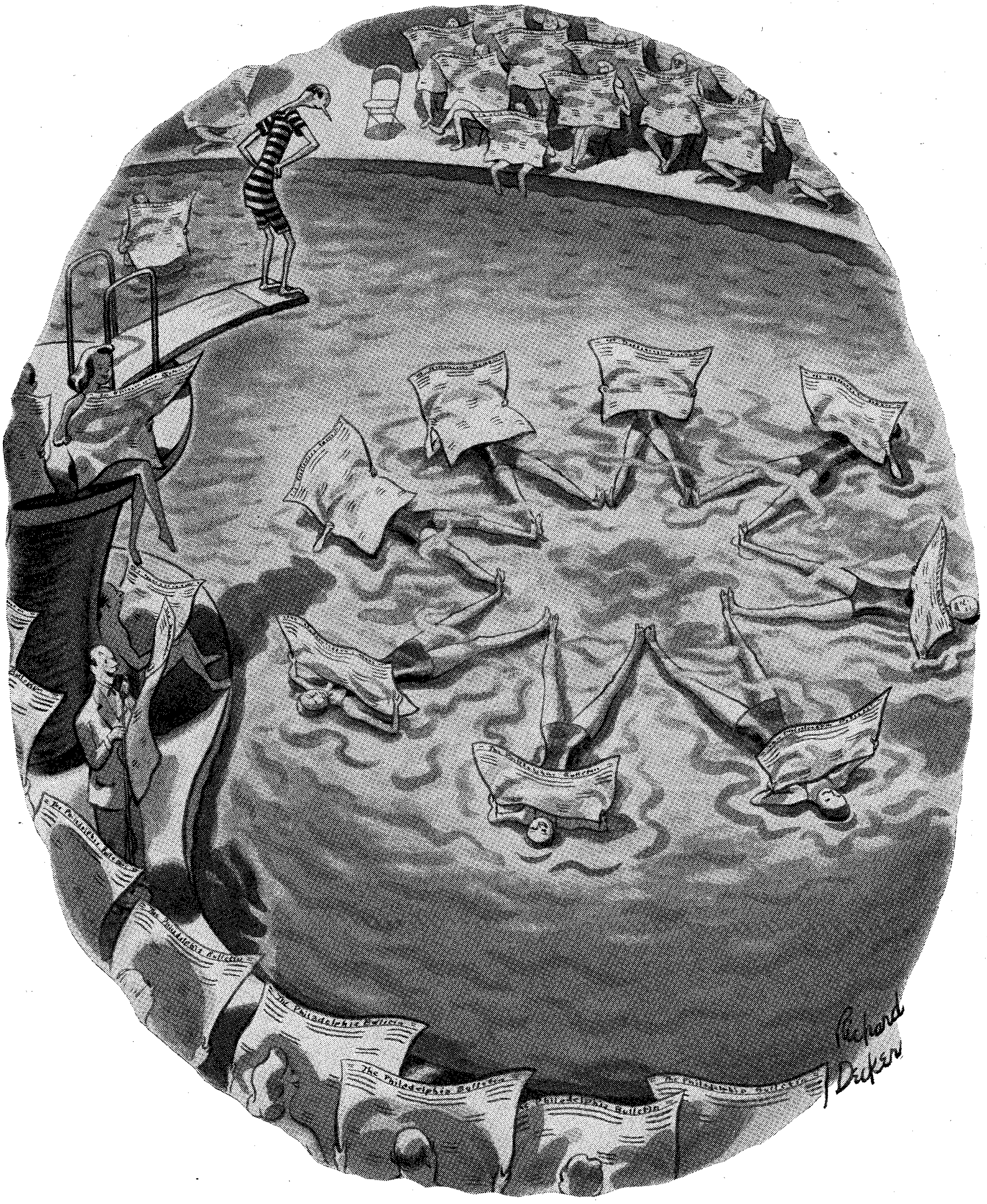
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition drawn from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—*A retrospective of the work of the late* Norwegian artist Edvard Munch; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the regulars here, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 31.)

OUT OF TOWN

CANAAN, N.Y. Berkshire Art Center: John Marin, Jean Liberte, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: Oils by such local abstractionists as James Brooks, Jackson Pollock, and Robert Motherwell; and water colors by Constantin Alajálov and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6; through July 20. . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: James Guy, Boris Artzybasheff, and others. Daily, 1 to 5; through July 23. . . . GLOUCESTER, MASS. North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17. . . . HYANNIS, MASS. Cape Cod Art Association: Xavier Gonzales, Elliott Orr, and others. Daily, 10 to noon, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10; through July 29. . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Beatrice Cuming, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through July 28. . . . NORWALK, CONN. Silvermine Guild of Artists: A one-man exhibition by Sperry Andrews, along with a group show. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6; through July 15. . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Asso-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ciation: Thirtieth annual national show of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through July 29. . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: Chaim Gross, Sol Wilson, Maurice Sterne, and others. Daily, 10 to 10; through July 30. . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among them George Bellows, Revington Arthur, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Aug. 1.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium are being held on most clear nights at 8:30, through Saturday, Aug. 12. In case of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC. Thursday, July 6: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8: The Ballet Theatre presenting "Swan Lake," "Fancy Free," and "Princess Aurora." . . . ¶ Monday, July 10, at 8:15: Maurice Levine conducting an all-Kurt Weill program, with Todd Duncan, baritone, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Brahms program, with Toba Brill, piano; Berl Senofsky, violin; and Shirley Trepel, cello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12: Howard Barlow conducting, with Frances Magnes, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13: Howard Barlow conducting, with Eleanor Steber, soprano, and Gerson Yessin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Frances Yeend, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, mezzo-soprano; Robert Merrill, baritone; and Eugene Conley, tenor. (Tickets are available at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800, and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534.)

JUILLIARD CONCERTS—Thursday, July 6: Edward Steuermann, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 11: Carl Friedberg, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 12: Charles Panzera, baritone, and Magdeleine Panzera, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 13: Katherine Bacon, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All at 4; through Thursday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—Friday, July 7: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 8: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Friday, July 14: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 15: "Aïda." (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For information about tickets, call CO 5-8861.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 13.) . . . ¶ City Amateur Symphony, Leopold Prince conducting. (Saturdays during the month of July, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY—Opening performances of the Berkshire Festival—Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Bach programs. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Saturdays, July 8 and 15, at 8:15; and Sunday, July 9, at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, July 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, July 7, at 8:30; Saturday, July 8, at 2; and Sunday, July 9, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thursday, July 13, at 8:30; Friday, July 14, at 2:30; and Saturday, July 15, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thursday, July 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday, July 7, at 8:30; Saturday, July 8, at 2; and Sunday, July 9, at 2:05.

BOXING—Jake La Motta vs. Tiberio Mitri, 15 rounds, for the World's Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-

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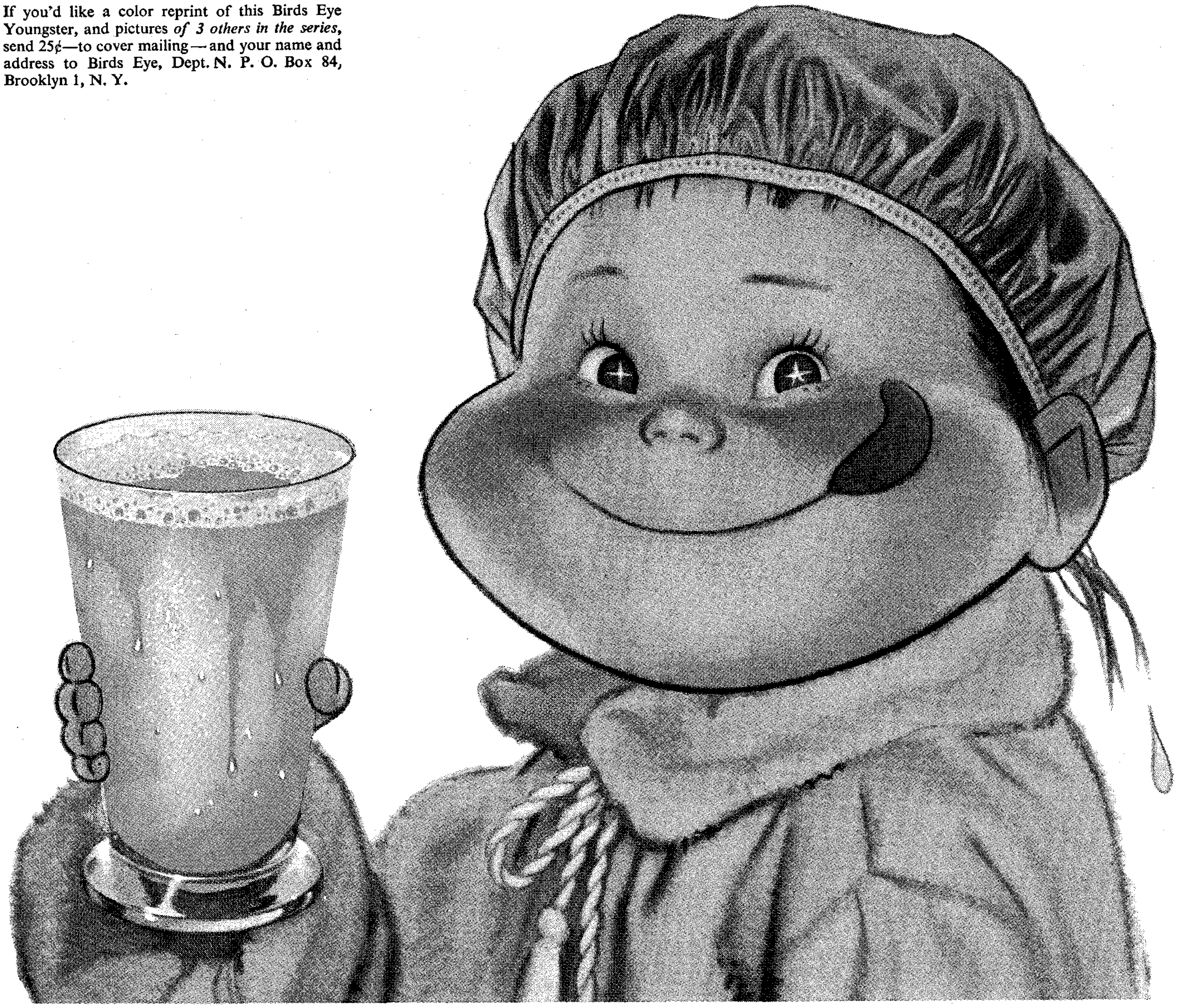

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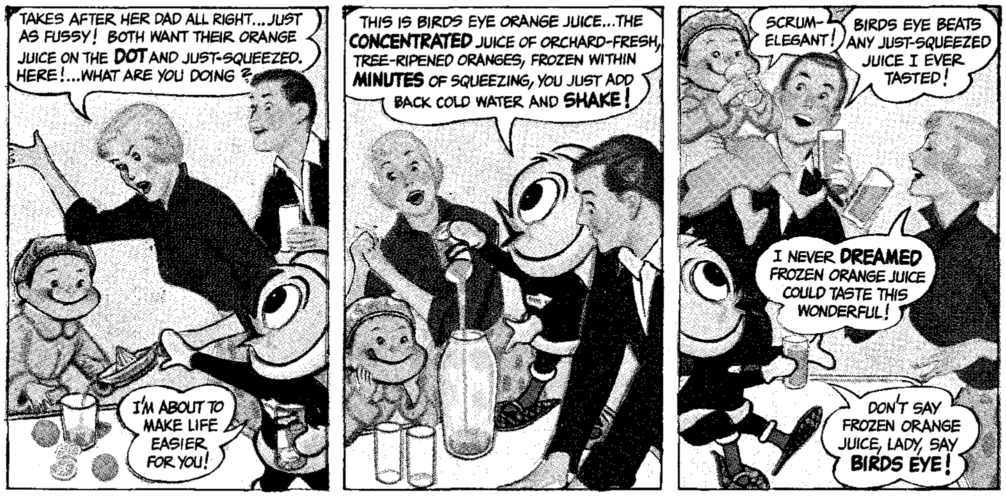
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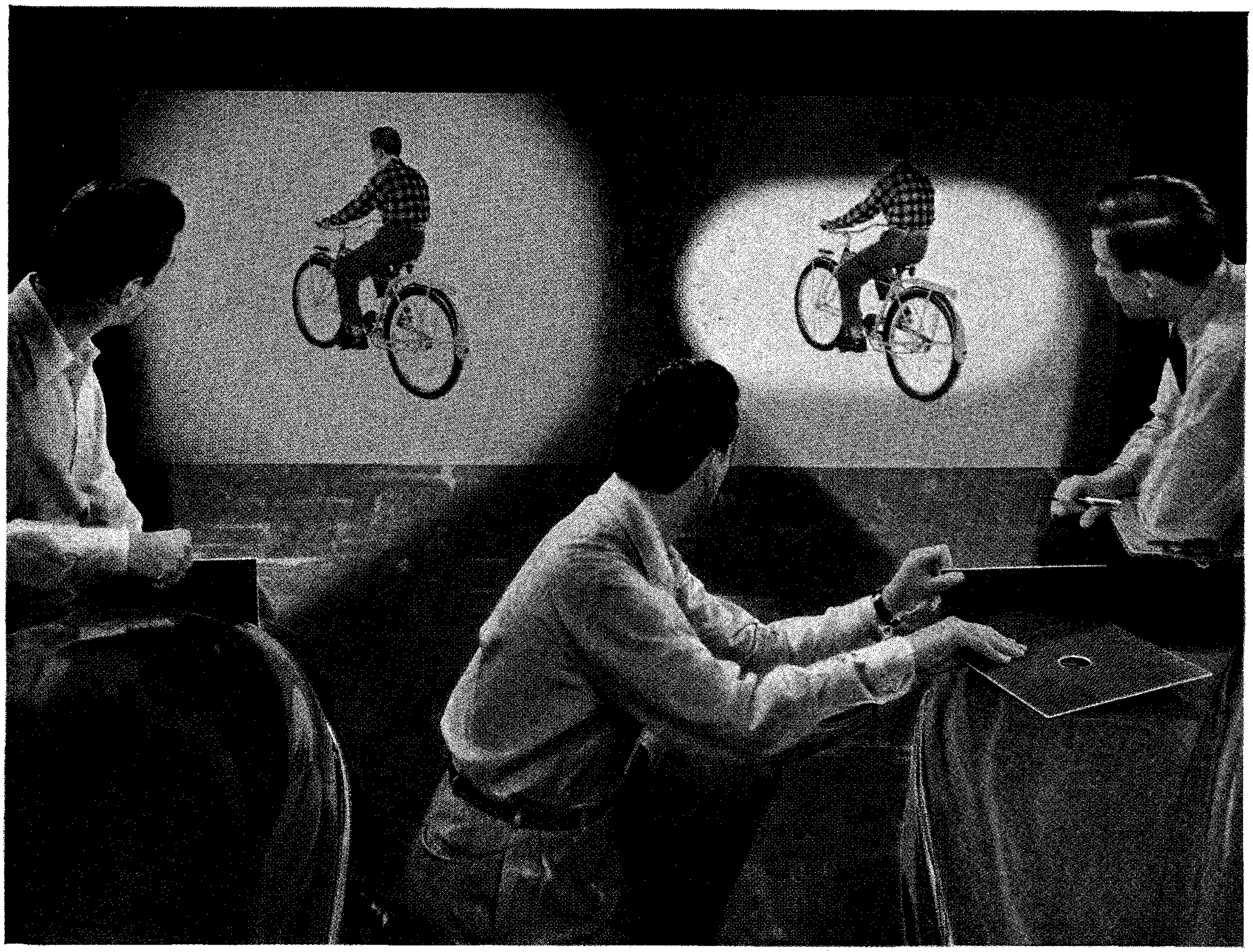

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6811. Wednesday, July 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Clifton, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 6-8.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Junior Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Tuesday, July 11.) . . . ¶ New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 12-14.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Garden City Golf Club, Garden City. Wednesday through Saturday, July 12-15.)

Polo—At **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase: Sundays at 3:30 and Wednesdays at 8:30.

Racing—**EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, July 15. The East View, Wednesday, July 12, and the Butler Handicap, Saturday, July 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, boats leave Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15, and Pier 1, Battery Pl., at noon; they are met by buses for the track.)

Tennis—New York State Championships, men. (Seminole Club, Forest Hills. Through Sunday, July 9.) . . . ¶ Eastern Clay Court Championships, women. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Through Sunday, July 9.) . . . ¶ Veterans' Intersectional Team Match. (Philadelphia Cricket Club, Philadelphia. Saturday, July 8.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Spring Lake Bathing and Tennis Club, Spring Lake, N.J. Tuesday through Sunday, July 11-16.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Daily at 2; through Friday, July 7.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Junior Regatta. (Larchmont. Tuesday, July 11.) . . . ¶ Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 14-15.)

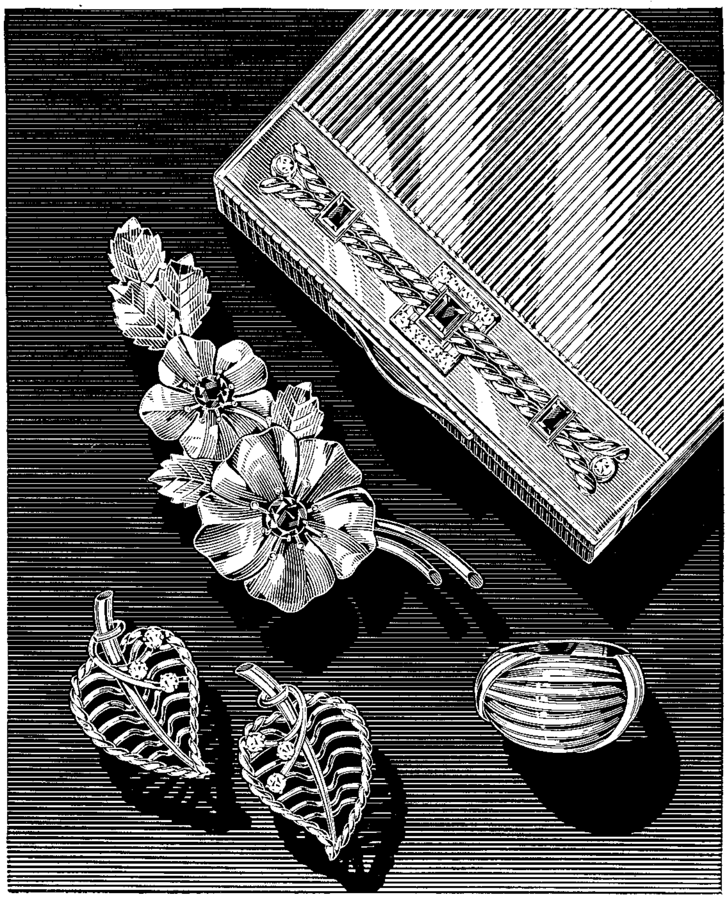
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Trusteeship Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Hayden Planetarium—The summer show is called "A Trip to the Moon." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Queen Mary: Arrives Thursday, July 6; sails Saturday, July 8, at 1 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Sails Friday, July 7, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Washington: Arrives Friday, July 7; sails Wednesday, July 12, at noon. . . . ¶ Mauretania: Arrives Monday, July 10; sails Thursday, July 13, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ America: Arrives Wednesday, July 12; sails Saturday, July 15, at noon. . . . ¶ Ile-de-France: Arrives Thursday, July 13; sails Saturday, July 15, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, July 15.

Gold jewelry to mark a sentimental milestone, traditionally comes from Tiffany. The attractive brooch and ring illustrated are typical of Tiffany's wide selection at prices to suit young people with more taste than income.



Brooch of 14 kt. gold and amethysts . . $ 97.
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Ring of 14 kt. gold . . . . 40.
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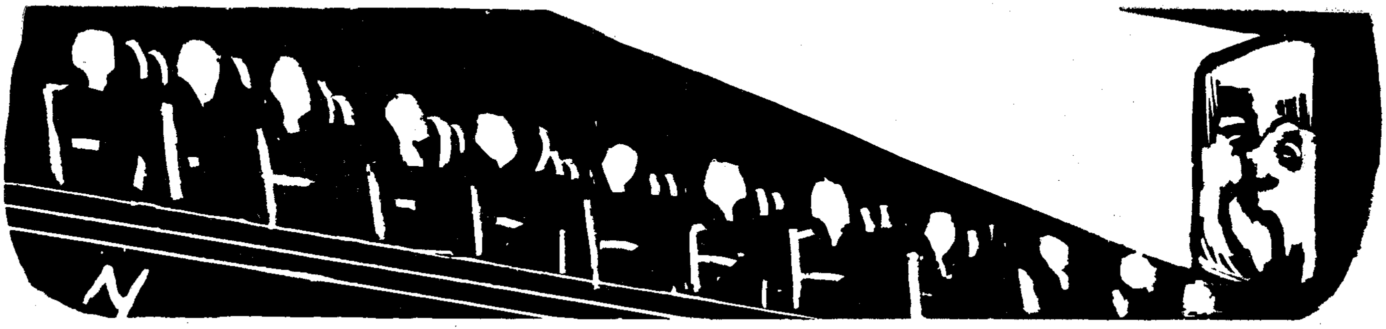
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annie Get Your Gun—The Irving Berlin musical, translated with considerable fidelity to the screen. Betty Hutton's performance isn't up to that of Ethel Merman in the stage version, but the rest of the cast, which includes Howard Keel, J. Carrol Naish, Keenan Wynn, and Louis Calhern, do as well as anybody could expect. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

The Asphalt Jungle—John Huston's film about wicked doings in a Middle Western city. An impressive item featuring, among others, Louis Calhern, Sam Jaffe, Barry Kelley, and Sterling Hayden. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting July 12.)

The Big Lift—How the Berlin blockade was broken, a film that includes a good deal of standard romantic stuff but has to its credit authentic scenes of the United States Air Force in action. The professional actors involved are led by Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting July 12.)

The Bicycle Thief—The tragedy of a man who loses his bicycle, a necessary tool of his trade. An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, that ranks with the best ever to turn up. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

In a Lonely Place—Dirty work in Hollywood, with Humphrey Bogart playing a screen writer, more hysterical than most, who seems to be the bounder responsible for doing in a harmless hat-check girl. Diffuse but diverting. Gloria Grahame is Mr. Bogart's beloved in this one. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; July 8-12. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 11.)

The Lawless—The race problem again, this time involving natives of Northern California and Mexican immigrants. A film that never lets social significance interfere with the fast pace of a spanking melodrama. With Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Shoes—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Riding High—The old film "Broadway Bill" refurbished into a sprightly item by Frank Capra. Bing Crosby and a horse figure most prominently. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through July 8.)

The Rocking Horse Winner—A fine English adaptation of D. H. Lawrence's moody tale of a small boy who finds a mysterious method of picking winners at the track by endlessly riding a rocking horse in his nursery. John Howard Davies is superb as the boy, and is ably supported by Valerie Hobson, Ronald Squire, and John Mills. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

The Third Man—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Valli, and Orson Welles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

A Ticket to Tomahawk—The hilarious account of how a railroad was projected across a forty-mile stretch of the Colorado mountains back in the seventies. Dan Dailey heads a lively cast. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting July 12.)

Tight Little Island—A comical British film having to do with a whiskey drought on an island in the Hebrides during the war. Basil Radford heads the estimable cast. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 6. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 10.)

The Winslow Boy—An absorbing review of the manner in which a beleaguered father clears the name of his son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly a thief. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously hopping around a big town. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers rampant around a race track. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; starting July 8, tentative.)

Day of Wrath (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. A Danish production, directed by Carl Dreyer. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through July 10, tentative.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—A French film concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 11.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 10.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—Villainy at sea. Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; starting July 8, tentative.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 9: "High and Dizzy" (1920) and "The Freshman" (1925), both with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ Starting July 10: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE LAWLESS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Crisis," Cary Grant, José Ferrer.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The White Tower," Glenn Ford, Valli, Claude Rains.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Without Honor," Laraine Day, Dane Clark, Franchot Tone.
From July 8 (tentative): **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**, revival; and **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"With These Hands," Sam Levene, Arlene Francis.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Love of a Clown: Pagliacci" (in Italian), Tito Gobbi.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Destination Moon," John Archer, Warner Anderson.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Next Voice You Hear . . . ," James Whitmore, Nancy Davis.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Eagle and the Hawk," John Payne, Rhonda Fleming.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"If This Be Sin," Myrna Loy, Peggy Cummins.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
July 6: "The Gunfighter," Gregory Peck, Millard Mitchell.
From July 7: "Where the Sidewalk Ends," Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
July 6: "Bright Leaf," Gary Cooper, Lauren Bacall.
From July 7: "The Flame and the Arrow," Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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9	10	11	12			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 10: **MAJOR BARBARA,** revival; and **PYGMALION,** revival.
From July 11: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 10: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**
From July 11: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival.

Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
(Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)
Through July 10 (tentative): "Fifty Years Before Your Eyes," a newsreel anthology.
From July 11: To be announced.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
July 6: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**
From July 7: "Scandals of Clochemerle" (in French).

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 11: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.
From July 12: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE;** and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through July 8: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.
July 9-12: "Salt to the Devil," Sam Wanamaker.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE WINSLOW BOY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (VO 5-3577)
Through July 8: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.
July 9-11: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Quicksand," Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.
From July 12: **THE BIG LIFT;** and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (VO 5-3320)
Through July 7: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern.
July 8-12: **IN A LONELY PLACE.**

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
THE ROCKING HORSE WINNER.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets," Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through July 7: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.
July 8: "Black Midnight," Roddy McDowall; and "The Naked City," revival, Barry Fitzgerald.
July 9-10: "Down Dakota Way," Roy Rogers; and "Jiggs and Maggie in Jackpot Jitters," revival, Joe Yule.
July 11-12: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "The Great Rupert," Jimmy Durante.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 7: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**
From July 8: To be announced.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 11: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.
From July 12: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE;** and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 12 (tentative): "While the Sun Shines," Ronald Howard, Barbara White.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 8: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.
July 9-10: "Good News," revival, June Allyson, Peter Lawford; and "Murder in Reverse," revival, William Hartnell.
July 11-12: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "The Great Rupert," Jimmy Durante.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 8: "The Hidden Room," Robert Newton.
July 9-11: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.
From July 12: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 8: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.
July 9-11: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Quicksand," Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.
From July 12: **THE BIG LIFT;** and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 9: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.
July 10-11: "Angel and the Bad Man," revival, John Wayne, Gail Russell; and "Flame of the Barbary Coast," revival, Ann Dvorak, John Wayne.
From July 12: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE;** and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
July 6: "Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor; and "Comanche Territory," Maureen O'Hara, Macdonald Carey.
July 7: "Fighting Command," revival, Robert Mitchum; and "Fury in the Sky," revival, Loretta Young, Geraldine Fitzgerald.
July 8: "Joe Palooka Meets Humphrey," Leon Errol, Joe Kirkwood, Jr.; and "Black Midnight," Roddy McDowall.
July 9-10: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "The Great Rupert," Jimmy Durante.
July 11: "Killer Shark," Roddy McDowall; and "So Ends Our Night," revival, Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March.
From July 12: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through July 7: "Without Pity" (in English and Italian); and "Flight Into France" (in French and Italian), revival.
July 8-9: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.
July 10-11: "Any Number Can Play," revival, Clark Gable, Alexis Smith; and "My Man Godfrey," revival, William Powell, Carole Lombard.
From July 12: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 10: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**
From July 11: **IN A LONELY PLACE.**

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through July 10 (tentative): **DAY OF WRATH** (in Danish), revival; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From July 11: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 11: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.
From July 12: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE;** and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 8: "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," June Haver, Gordon MacRae; and "Borderline," Fred MacMurray, Claire Trevor.
July 9-11: "My Man Godfrey," revival, William Powell, Carole Lombard; and "Three Smart Girls," revival, Deanna Durbin.
From July 12: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "The Great Rupert," Jimmy Durante.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 8: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.
July 9-11: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Quicksand," Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.
From July 12: **THE BIG LIFT;** and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through July 8: "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern; and "Buccaneer's Girl," Yvonne De Carlo.
July 9-10: "Burma Convoy," revival, Charles Bickford, Frank Albertson; and "Fury at Sea," revival, Franchot Tone, Carol Bruce.
From July 11: **IN A LONELY PLACE;** and "Kill the Umpire," William Bendix.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
July 6: "The Great Mr. Handel," revival, Wilfrid Lawson.
From July 7: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Faust and the Devil" (in Italian), Italo Tajo.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 11: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.
From July 12: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE;** and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.

Yorktown, B'way at 89th. (SC 4-4700)
Through July 8: "The Moon and Sixpence," revival, George Sanders, Herbert Marshall; and "So Ends Our Night," revival, Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March.
July 9-12: "Bond Street," Jean Kent, Roland Young; and "No Room at the Inn," Freda Jackson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"The Storm Within" (in French), a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais; and "Naked Woman" (in French).

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through July 8: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.
July 9-11: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Quicksand," Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.
From July 12: **THE BIG LIFT;** and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through July 8: **RIDING HIGH;** and "Captain China," John Payne, Gail Russell.
July 9-11: "Unfinished Business," revival, Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery; and "Green for Danger," revival, Leo Genn.
From July 12: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian; and "The Great Rupert," Jimmy Durante.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through July 11: "The Big Hangover," Van Johnson, Elizabeth Taylor; and "No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.
From July 12: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE;** and "Please Believe Me," Deborah Kerr, Robert Walker.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through July 8: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.
July 9-11: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Quicksand," Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.
From July 12: **THE BIG LIFT;** and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through July 8: "Champagne for Caesar," Ronald Colman, Celeste Holm; and "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.
July 9-11: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers; and "Quicksand," Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Cagney.
From July 12: **THE BIG LIFT;** and **A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK.**

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TUESDAY, June 27th, the day the United Nations Security Council voted in favor of a United States resolution recommending military aid to the Republic of Korea, was hot, bright, and windless, and at the bar in the delegates' lounge at Lake Success the favorite drink was orange juice. The Council was scheduled to meet at three o'clock, and when we entered the lounge, shortly before the appointed hour, we found it jammed, presumably with friends and families of delegates. All the visitors' seats in the Council chamber had long since been taken (it was announced afterward that five thousand people, a record number, had had to be refused admission), and the men and women in the lounge were resigned to watching the proceedings on a television set at one side of the room. Some of them had brought opera glasses and were already training them on the screen, which showed the curved Council table and a row of empty chairs. Standing there in their light summer dresses and suits, the visitors had the appearance of vacationers at some big resort hotel, but they spoke mostly in whispers, without smiling. The feeling in the room seemed to be one of grave interest rather than excitement or alarm. A bartender told us that he hoped he wouldn't run out of orange juice. "This is a big day for us," he said. "We want everything right."

We made our way to the Council chamber, squeezing into the press section just as the meeting was being called to order by Sir Benegal Rau, the Indian delegate. The time was 3:16. After the agenda had been adopted, the Korean Ambassador to the United States was invited to sit in with the Council, and a report of the United Nations Commission on Korea was read. Then Warren R. Austin, his pince-nez glinting under the television lights, presented a resolution to "furnish such assistance to the Republic of Korea as may be necessary to repel the armed attack and to restore international peace and security in the area." He was followed by Dr. Ales Bebler, the Yugoslavian delegate, who offered a resolution calling for the appointment of a United Nations mediator. The Korean Ambassador spoke on the fight that was taking place at home, and the French, English, Chinese, Cuban, Ecuadorian, and Norwegian delegates announced that they were prepared to vote for the United States resolution. The Russian delegate was, of course, absent. The Egyptian delegate, Mahmoud Bey Fawzi, said that he had been unable to reach his government by radiotelephone, was therefore without instructions, and would like a little more time. Sir Benegal Rau, who, it turned out later, was in a similar fix, abruptly called a recess until 6:15. It was then 5:12.

Back in the delegates' lounge, the bartender's worst fears had been confirmed; he was out of orange juice. On the television screen, an extemporaneous discussion was under way between Leon Pearson, an N.B.C. news commentator, and Porter McKeever, chief press officer of the United States mission, who looked as if he had just been asked a question to which he would prefer to reply in writing, after several weeks of thought. Mr. Austin came into the lounge and was surrounded by reporters. Pink-cheeked and smoking a long cigar, he was evidently in high spirits. "Now, don't overreach in your stories, boys," he said. A reporter asked him if he thought there was any chance of the Russian delegate's joining the Council and vetoing the United States resolution. "Oh, Lord, don't ask me such questions!" Austin said, shaking his head and beaming. "You wise fellows, you!" Another reporter wanted to know if the next step would be the formation of a permanent United Nations military force. "Now, boys, don't take me too far," Austin said, puffing hard on his cigar. "Remember that a big country has to be careful. It's so easy for a big country to give offense."

On the television screen, Howdy Doody had supplanted Pearson and McKeever, and the *real* Pearson and McKeever were seated on a couch nearby. "Sorry I had to fudge on that question," we heard McKeever say. "I wish you hadn't brought it up. I wasn't too clear about the answer." "Damnedest double-talk I ever heard," Pearson said. "I didn't think they'd recess as fast as they did, and I had fifteen minutes left on the air. Had to ask something." By 6:15, the big afternoon crowd had melted away, and the Council chamber was about half full of spectators. At 6:25, we were told that the Indian and Egyptian delegates were still trying to get through to their governments and that the session would be put off until 9. We had dinner in the United Nations cafeteria, sitting beside a European correspondent. He told us that in one respect the people of Europe might almost envy the South Koreans. "Europe has been under this same threat for so long," he said. "For the South Koreans, the threat is over, and with the reality, bad as it is, there comes a release of tension."

At 9:22, a postponement of the session until 10 was announced. At 10:20, the delegates filed into the chamber. Word went around the press section that the Indian delegate had finally got New Delhi on the telephone but the

connection had been so bad that neither party was able to hear the other. The Egyptian delegate had had no luck at all. The vote on the United States resolution was taken at 10:45, with Egypt and India abstaining and Russia still absent. The United States, France, the United Kingdom, China, Cuba, Ecuador, and Norway voted in favor of the resolution, by a show of hands. Yugoslavia voted against it. The Yugoslav resolution was then put to a vote. Everyone voted against it except Yugoslavia. The session was adjourned at 11:01. As we went out through the lounge, we saw that a night baseball game was being shown on the television screen. The bartender told us that he had got in a fresh supply of orange juice. Outside, in a sky of soft clouds, the moon was all but full.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Part of the equipment of a Boston & Maine Railroad handcar operating in Wayland, Massachusetts, and vicinity is a leather golf bag, used as a repository for a set of red signal flags.

What Makes Sammy Toddle?

IN a well-furnished office on East Fiftieth Street, we had a talk one afternoon last week with Sam Homsey, Jr., who is probably the youngest press agent in the world. Master Homsey, the son of a retired hotel operator, and a resident of Brooklyn, is sixteen years old and small for his age. When we met him, he was sitting at a large desk littered with photographs, newspaper clippings, and magazines. He was done up in a sports ensemble—brown coat, fawn-colored pants, and blue suède shoes. He greeted us warmly in a voice not yet settled into a mature register, introduced us to his secretary, a Miss Dorothy Goodrich (aged twenty-three), knitted a pair of formidable black eyebrows, and launched earnestly into a discussion of his business career. "Two years ago," he said, "I was an office boy in the publicity department of the Waldorf-Astoria. When the man handling picture contacts there took sick, I asked my boss to let me have a chance at the job. I said, 'Give me a break. I'll prove myself in two weeks.' Well, the other fellow used to put in forty hours a week on the job, but I could put in only twenty, because I had my classes at Stuyvesant High School to attend. Even so, I placed more pictures than the Waldorf had ever placed before."

"He's really terrific," said Miss Goodrich. "Tell about that idea you had at lunch, Sammy."

"In a minute," said Sammy. "After staying with the Waldorf until recently," he went on, "I decided to free-lance, and right now I've got accounts like the House of Aronowicz, the very exclusive furriers; Guiliano Fratti, the very exclusive jewellers, who are just introducing their line into this country; and the Hotel Internacional, at Varadero Beach, in Cuba, which is going to be very exclusive when it opens up in December. I'm planning to throw a cocktail party for it later on."

"You got working papers?" we inquired.

"Formerly I had working papers," Sammy answered, "but I don't think I need them as a free lance. When I had working papers, they used to deduct my income tax every payday. As a free lance, I pay annually."

We asked him how much he made a week.

"I don't like to go into that," said Sammy, "but if you think it's necessary, I'd estimate my average take at three hundred dollars a week. With my expenses, this actually comes down to a hundred and fifty. I take my own pictures now, and I had to pay a lot for a Speed Graphic camera, and keeping up a darkroom and running this office all mounts up."

"Sammy can't wait till he's twenty-one," said Miss Goodrich. "He can't get around at night now, and I have to cover the night clubs for him."

"Most press agents don't get up till two-thirty in the afternoon," said Sammy. "I have to get up at six in the morning, so I'll be on time for classes at eight. I get out of school at twelve and then go to work. I call this work, but it's just like play to me."

"How are you doing at school?" we asked.

"Average," said Sammy. "I'm just like any other fellow. I do a lot of swimming, play stickball in the street, and go to ball games whenever I have a chance. I'm really no different from other teen-agers."

"Sammy has six months to go at Stuyvesant, and then he's going to college," Miss Goodrich said.

"I should like to take a course in creative writing," said Sammy. "I think creative writing is valuable to any press agent. Say you have a client like Anna Turkel, the opera singer, which I do. You have to think up fantastic ideas to put in the papers. Get the client quoted in *Quick*. Things like that."

We were curious to know how Sammy went about capturing clients.

"I have friends and many contacts in the field," he said. "All I ask is a chance to show that I can do the work and produce. This is all on a small scale now, but in time I hope to branch out considerably. I've just got the job of doing the publicity for a teen-age dress house—a big account."

"It's a cute idea," Miss Goodrich said. "A teen-ager press-agenting a teen-age product."

"Until I was fourteen, I didn't do any real professional work," Sammy said. "I ran errands, delivered papers, and worked in drugstores. I didn't put my heart into anything until I became a press agent."

"Sammy is publicizing Edith Thornton McLeod, who wrote 'Beauty After Forty,'" said Miss Goodrich. "It's a cute idea—a boy of his age behind a book for middle-aged women."

"My secretary has fiddled with TV and radio scripts," said Sammy. "She takes a lot of the burden off my shoulders."

"I think what Sammy's got is a love of people," Miss Goodrich said. "He's crazy about people. Isn't that true, Sammy?"

"True," said Sammy.

"Someday Sammy wants to buy a Cadillac convertible and splash a bit around town," said Miss Goodrich.

"I guess that's the ambition of almost any teen-ager," Sammy said. "I'm just an average boy of my age."

Preference

A COUPLE of young men in corduroy jackets sat in front of a friend of ours at a Stadium concert the other night. Their conversation revealed them to be Juilliard students, and stern and technical critics. They applauded nothing—not even Nathan Milstein's playing, as soloist with the orchestra, of the Brahms Violin Concerto. Of this, one of them observed, "I suppose it's all right if you *like* perfect violin playing."

The Koreans

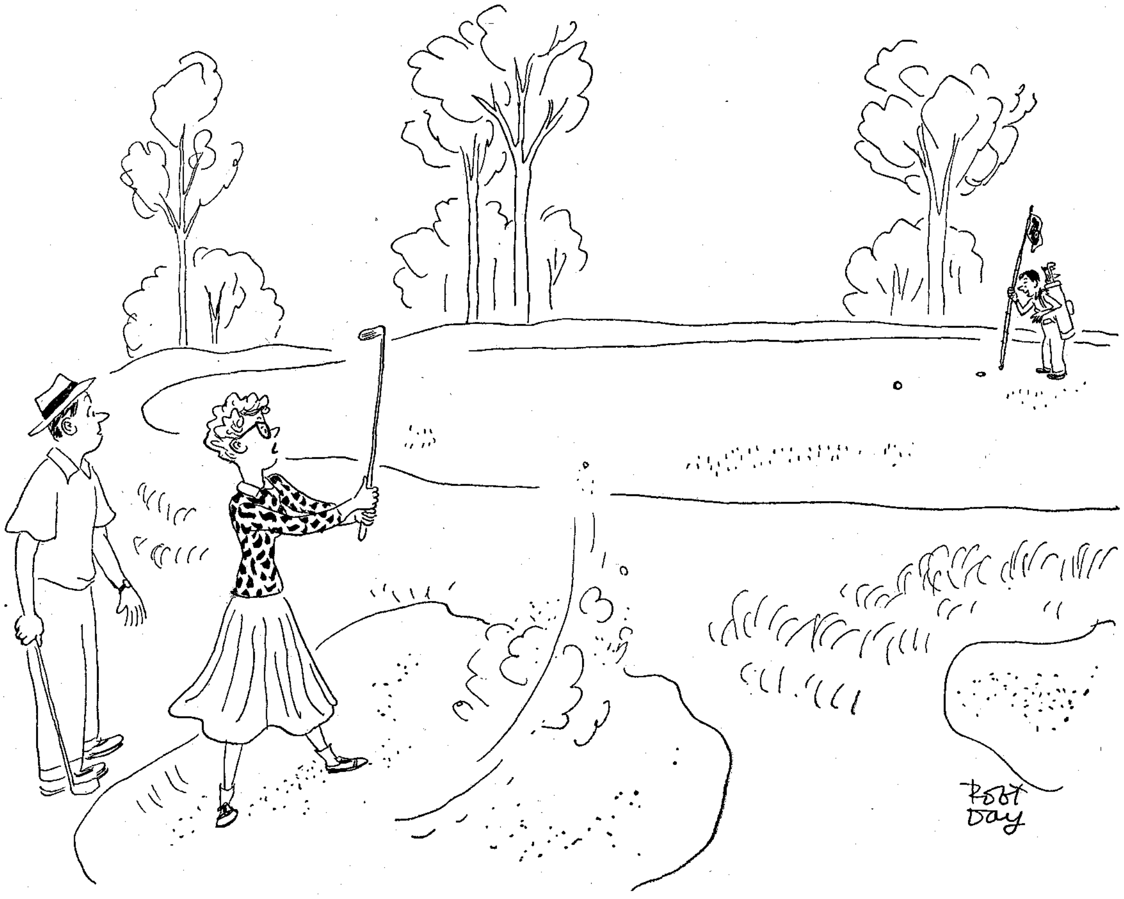
NOBODY knows for sure where the earliest inhabitants of Korea came from. The best bet is that they wandered down out of northern Manchuria. The present inhabitants are of predominantly Mongoloid stock, with some admixture of southern blood, probably Malay. They tend to resemble Japanese, but they are an inch or two taller—the average Korean male is just

Hooper
and
Callaghan

over five feet four—and have lighter skins and heavier beards. Some Koreans have brown hair. The first European visitors to Korea noted that the natives looked more like white men than other Asiatics did. There's no record that the Koreans were especially pleased to hear it. Their own accounts of the founding of Korea vary. One legend has it that about four millenniums ago a god came down to earth in the form of a gust of wind and breathed on a virgin he found sitting by a stream. The virgin bore a son, Tangun, who established the kingdom of Chosen, or Land of Morning Calm. Chosen is the Japanese name for Korea. Tangun reigned for a thousand years, then ascended to Heaven. According to another story, Korea was founded by a Chinese sage named Kija, in what we reckon as the year 1122 B.C. The word "Korea" comes from "Korai," which is supposed to have been the name of a prehistoric kingdom in Manchuria.

The Korean language belongs to the Turanian group, which includes Turkish, Hungarian, Estonian, and Finnish. It's an agglutinative language, full of suffixes. By changing the suffix, you can make a single verb express surprise, reproof, desire, promise, exhortation, doubt, intention, contempt, boredom, or just plain sleepiness. The verb "*hata*," meaning "to do," has nine hundred forms. Some suffixes are used only in speech and others only in writing, which makes it nearly impossible to set down conversation verbatim. Like Japanese, Korean has different honorific forms of address to indicate the precise social standing of the speaker and the person spoken to. It's wholly unlike Chinese, though many Chinese words have been imported over the years and most of Korea's classic literature was written in Chinese ideographs. In the fifteenth century, one King Sejong set up a Bureau of the Alphabet, with the idea of working out a simple phonetic alphabet. The Bureau's scholars produced an alphabet with twenty-six characters. It's said to be one of the best alphabets in the world, as alphabets go. Movable metal type was invented in Korea in 1403, nearly fifty years before it was in use in Europe.

Because of the way Korea juts down into the Yellow Sea, between Japan and the mainland of Asia, it has always been a favorite target for invasion. In 589 A.D., a Chinese army of three hundred thousand men invaded Korea and was repulsed. The Chinese emperor then assembled a million men to go back and do the job right. He



"I wish I knew what I did right."

equipped them chiefly with banners, drums, and trumpets, which proved ineffective, and they, too, were given the heave-ho. In 1231, the Mongols occupied Korea and forced the natives to build them a fleet in which to invade Japan. When the invasion failed, the Mongols pulled out of Korea and headed west. The Japanese tried invading Korea in the sixteenth century, and the Koreans had to call in the Chinese to help them fight off the Japanese. Later, the Koreans were overrun by Manchus. This constant serving as a doormat for other countries made the Koreans understandably touchy. As late as 1880, there were signs on their highways reading, "If you meet a foreigner, kill him. He who has any friendly relations with a foreigner is a traitor to his country." This was four years after the Korean government had established diplomatic relations with Japan, formally making contact with the outside world. In 1883, the United States signed a treaty with Korea, and the missionaries started pouring in. There are now around half a million Christians in Korea, which has a population of thirty million, but the religion of most Koreans is still a combination of ancestor worship and primitive animism, which requires continual propitiation of any number of local and household gods, the great majority of whom are evil demons.

The Thirty-eighth Parallel roughly bisects Korea. Southern Korea covers forty-four per cent of the area of the whole country but has twice the population of Northern Korea and more than half of the natural resources. It's also considered more important strategically. The Thirty-eighth Parallel was never intended to be a boundary line between separate states. In August, 1945, just before American troops entered Korea, the Russians were already approximately as far south as the Thirty-eighth Parallel. A line had to be drawn defining the areas of responsibility for accepting Japanese prisoners of war; the American and Russian military commanders agreed on the Thirty-eighth Parallel, and their respective governments later confirmed the decision. As in Germany, the military line turned into a political one.

The Thirty-eighth Parallel has figured in history before. In the eighteen-nineties, the Japanese and the Russians were competing for influence in Korea, which was then nominally an independent kingdom, though dominated by Japan. In 1895, the Queen of Korea, an outspokenly anti-Japanese lady, was assassinated by Japanese strong-arm men, and a few months later the King of Korea, fearing a similar fate, disguised himself as a woman and made his way to the Russian Legation at Seoul, where he was welcomed with enthusiasm. The Japanese thereupon proposed that Korea be partitioned into two protectorates, divided by the Thirty-eighth Parallel, the northern protectorate to be Russian and the southern to be Japanese. Russia turned the offer down, partly because it expected to get all of Korea sooner or later. After the Russo-Japanese War, in 1904-05, Korea became a Japanese protectorate.

Korea is six hundred and fifty miles long, and two hundred miles wide at the Thirty-eighth Parallel. The terrain is mountainous, with scattered low hills and plains. It is well wooded, with oak, maple, juniper, and mulberry trees, and gets forty inches of rain a year. Most of this rain falls in the short rainy season, which begins about this time of year and runs through August. The Thirty-eighth Parallel is in the heart of the Temperate Zone, just six degrees and fifty-eight minutes south of the mid-point between the Arctic Circle and the Tropic of Cancer. It hits the coast of California at Point Reyes, thirty miles northwest of San Francisco, and enters the Atlantic at Assateague Island, Virginia, a hundred and twenty miles northeast of Richmond.

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ONE lady to another, in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral: "Would you care to wander in for a moment? Not that it's air-conditioned or anything."

Ting-a-ling

REGISTRATION morning of the fifth annual convention of the American Bell Association, the first to be held in Manhattan, found us in the Keystone Room of the Statler, where more than a hundred Association members, most of them female and all of them wearing the Association's official insignia—a pin shaped like a bell—signed in, pulled bells out of their pockets or pocketbooks, rang them cordially at one another, and deposited them on card tables. As historian of this notable occasion, we pulled a pad out of *our* pocket, whereupon we were surrounded by a convocation of bell collectors, among whom, from tags they sported, we identified Miss Gladys L. Gage, of Hartford; Mrs. Mary A. Collins, of Tarentum, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Edgar Littmann, of St. Louis; Mrs. H. T. Young, of East Orange; Mrs. Franklin Spear, of Marquette, Michigan; Mr. Narindar Sarna, of India; and Mr. S. S. Sarna, of New York.

"We're just an informal group of three hundred and eighty-two people who collect bells and are interested in bell lore," said Miss Gage. "I have a small collection—only two hundred and thirty-five bells—but I'm acting president of the Association. The real president went away."

"Eh?" we asked.

"The president didn't function. Period," said Miss Gage firmly. "Our guiding light, and one of our founders, is Mrs. Collins. She edits our official publication, *The Bell Tower*."

Mrs. Collins handed us a copy of *The Bell Tower* and stated that she became a bell enthusiast a few years ago when a friend gave her a Javanese water-buffalo bell. "I thought, What an interesting hobby! Let's have an association! So we did," she said. "We're each supposed to bring two or three of our rarest bells to the meeting." She showed us her entries—a camel's knee bell from Karachi, which consisted of a leather circlet festooned with twelve small hand-cast brass bells, and another camel bell, a more orthodox affair, engraved with the seal of the United States—and said that this was one of a number cast in the eighteen-fifties by the government to bell camels that were imported from Arabia by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to transport Army supplies across the Colorado Desert. "The soldiers were used to mules and didn't like the camels," Mrs. C. said, "so they abandoned them."

Mrs. Littmann next smote our ear, with a horse jingle—a curved metal object, shaped to fit over a horse's head, with bells at either end. "2000 B.C.," she said. "Made in China, by nomads. They had no homes, so they lavished their affection on animals." The jingle, which its owner let us hold, seemed heavy enough to call for an S.P.C.A. investigation, but we were outnumbered and said nothing.

"Mrs. Littmann has given the Association a hand bell that belonged to Ulysses S. Grant," said Miss Gage. "We use it instead of a gavel." She rang it at us.

We learned that Mrs. Littmann is the possessor of fourteen hundred bells, which she keeps on display in a bell room in her house. "I have a Houdini bell," she said. "It's concealed in a ring and used to belong to Houdini. He'd swallow it and then wiggle, so the bell would ring in his stomach. Then he'd regurgitate it." Mrs. Littmann said that she had had the bell disinfected but had never swallowed it herself.

Mr. Narindar Sarna, who was wearing a turban and was described to us as a great authority on Indian bells, was fresh from a very spectacular coast-to-coast lecture tour on the subject. Mr. S. S. Sarna, his uncle and president of The Bells of Sarna, a wholesale bell outfit on lower Fifth Avenue, was wearing a tie clip bearing replicas of three bells, each marked with an "S." He said he was giving a dinner for the entire convention at the Rajah Restaurant, on East Forty-seventh Street. "I'm the biggest bell man in the world," he said. "We specialize in decorative hanging bells. Each one is sold with a card giving the story of its background."

"Would you like to see my write-up in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*?" asked Mrs. Young, handing us a clipping that proclaimed her collection of seven hundred bells one of the wonders of Rocky River, Ohio.

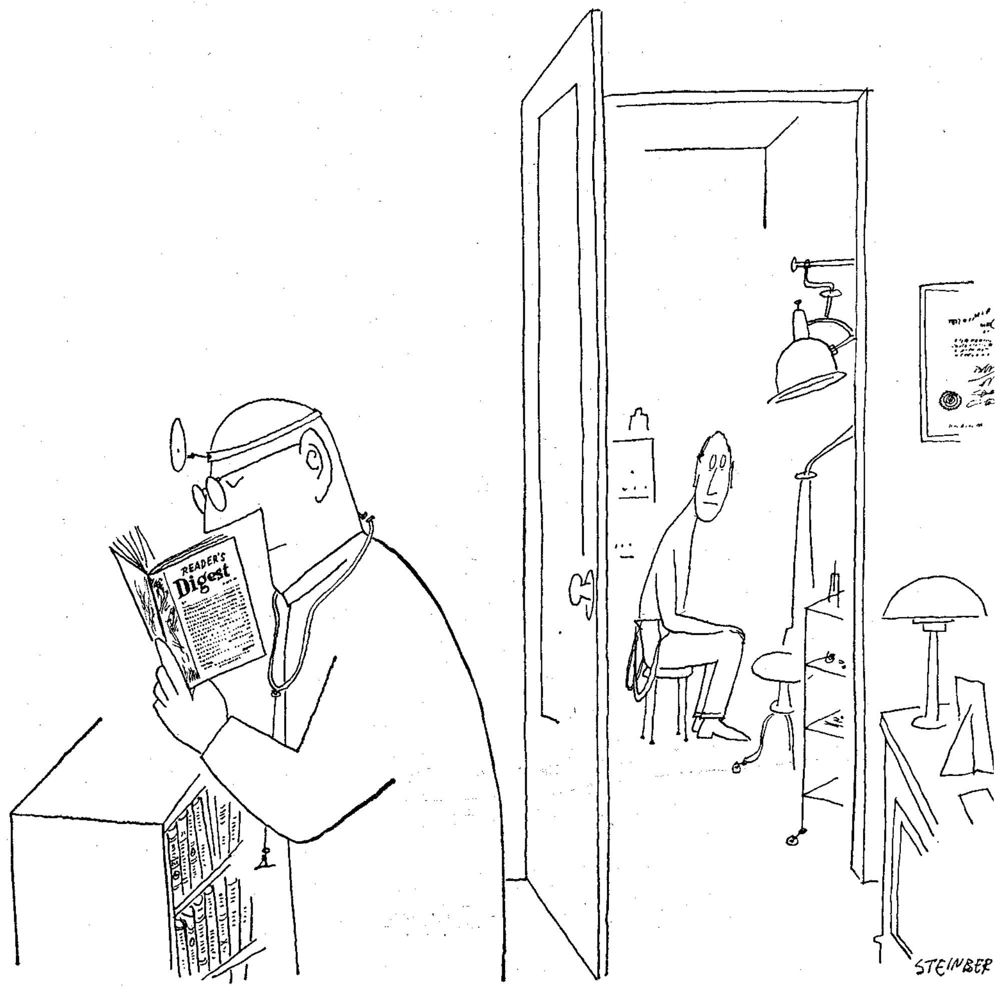
"You moved to East Orange?" we asked, glancing again at her identification tag.

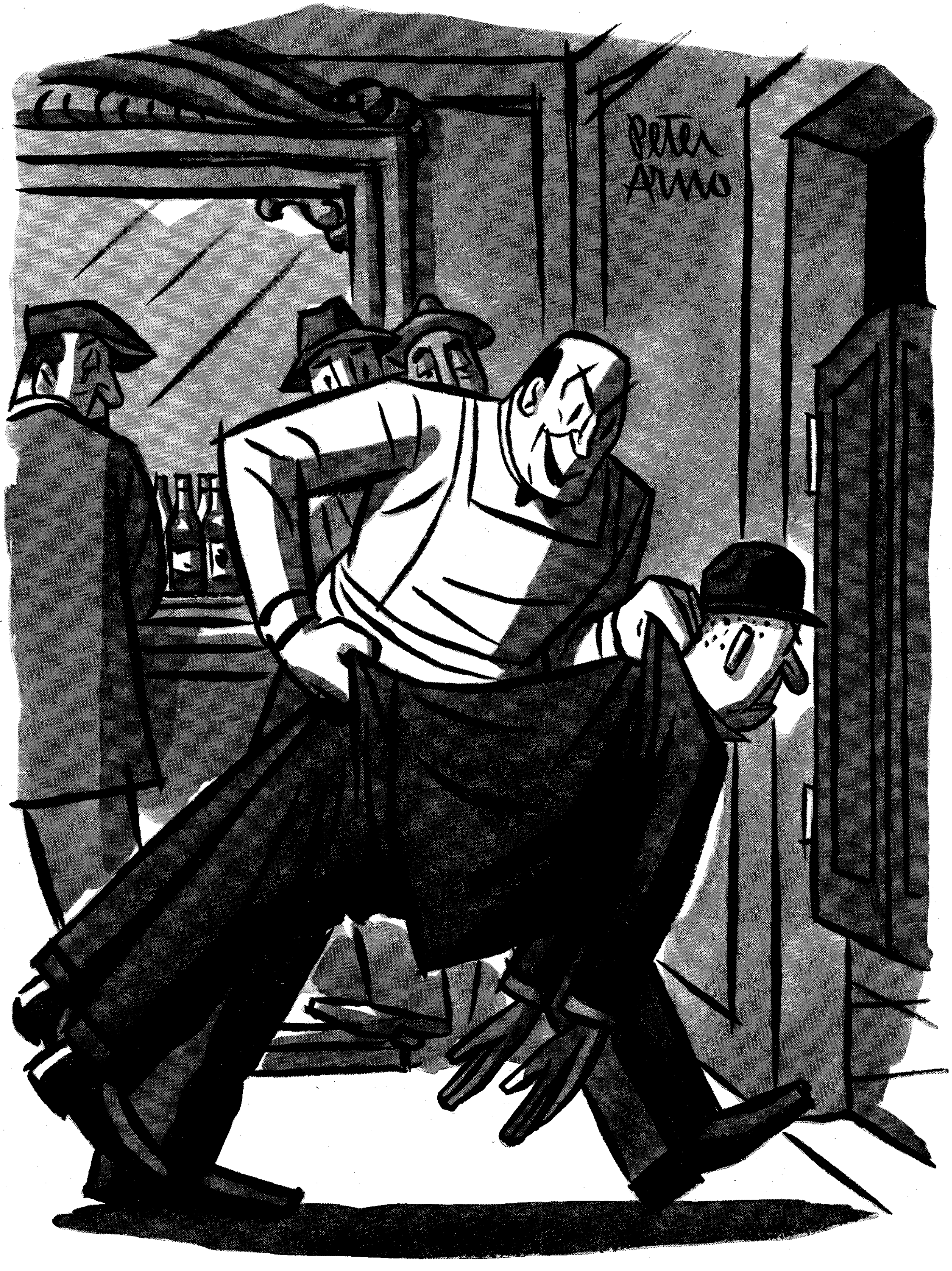
"Oh, my goodness! That's Mrs. H. T. Young's!" she said, discarding it. "*I'm* Mrs. B. Ellsworth Young, of Ohio."

Mrs. Spear, who had joined us, drew from her capacious handbag an Italian religious bell, *c.* 1750, rang it, and called our attention to its top, which represented a cathedral dome, and to its carvings, which included the Apostles and a Madonna's head with halo. "I've started something new—a collection of stamps that have pictures of bells on them," she said, hauling out a small album. We admired its enclosures, and its owner pointed to one on which no bell was discernible. "Portrait of Alexander Graham Bell," she said. "Sort of a freak, I guess."

Rainy Day

AN American couple living near Paris acquired a Gallic-bred boxer and recently sent to New York for some dog biscuits, which are unknown to French dogs. A shipment, thoughtfully shaped like bones, arrived in due course. The dog accepts them politely whenever they're offered, takes them into the garden, and buries them.





"Say, you been puttin' on a little weight."

I WALKED DOWN THE PLEASANT LANE

NOT so long ago, I lived for a couple of years in a rose-embowered cottage in a rural reach of the picturesque Chesapeake Bay country. One morning shortly after I was settled in this residence, I donned English brogues over heather ankle socks, put on my absolutely country tweeds with pullon and vagabond felt hat, whistled my dog, and set forth to walk down the pleasant lane. I looked about the way I sound here—you can say that if I had been a man, I would have been swinging a hawthorn stick and puffing a short briar. My dog was even a red setter. Notwithstanding, it must be understood that I was sincere. My cottage stood at one end of the lane and a village at the other, and the village contained the post office. If I wanted my mail, I had to take that walk. Still, I did think it rather nice.

My setter, Bill, is, as it happens, a most adaptable dog. We had previously lived at the seashore, and then he had developed a rolling gait. He prowled the piers with a knowing look, and he never merely saw a passing coastwise boat—he cocked an eye at it. There were quail in the scrub behind the dunes near our seaside home, but for the period of our residence there Bill forsook his native prey. It is a fact to which three witnesses can testify, however, that once, with brazen drama, he *stood a herring gull.* Conducting himself appropriately to a rose-embowered cottage up a pleasant lane, therefore, should have been an easy thing for him, and I expected him to make nothing of it. I was not making anything of it myself, if it came to that. I already had the tweeds. We set out.

The first place beyond mine on the lane was a lush pasture field, which ever since I arrived had been inhabited by a solitary white horse. I had seen him several times from my windows and admired his pictorial quality as he showed against the dark green. He had no other quality to admire, however; he was just a big, lunkish work animal of the kind that has collar stains on its neck and looks naked out of harness. He was biting at the grass about fifty feet inside the fence when we came abreast of him that morning.

Bill, all proprietary eagerness to exhibit the new landscape to me and make me feel proud and well escorted, stopped at the sight of him, looked at me, and pronounced a short, bright, explanatory bark. "See?" he said. "A white horse!"

The white horse gave a loud shriek and stampeded.

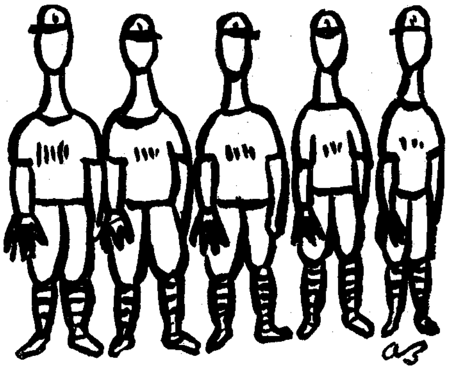
I am, of course, aware that, properly speaking, single horses do not stampede. It takes a herd to do that. But I use the word for this horse because at that second he seemed to turn into a herd. By his style of going into motion, he acquired the semblance of enough legs, manes, tails, bared teeth, and platter-sized hoofs to supply a dozen of his species. He seemed to foam into a horse mob, and, having thus multiplied himself and uttering piercing shriek after piercing shriek, he rushed toward us. We just stood, surprised to the soles of our feet but fearless, trusting to the fence.

It was trust betrayed. The horse herd jumped the barrier. I had a brief but extremely vivid sight of his immense, lumpy body sailing past against the blue sky, and then, with a thump that shook the ground beneath me, he landed not more than ten yards from where we stood, and skidded to what, for the species that sit, would be a sedentary posture. His impact with the earth jolted a sort of gruff bellow out of him, and he began at once to lash all about him in an effort to get up.

His clumsiness made him the more awful. He was no bred jumper, you understand, such as might take a fence through mere whimsey, and nobody seeing that leap of his could have doubted that he leaped for business reasons only, with the business, by all the evidence, deriving from an unbearably powerful urge to do a murder. To me, anyway, the white horse looked a homicidal maniac.

But, as it turned out, I was mistaken. His mania was against dogs only. He scrambled to his feet, flinging grass-fringed wads of black earth high into the air all around him, whirled to face us, and charged my setter. He paid no attention to me. His yellow teeth bared to the breezes, he thundered down on Bill. And Bill, who, as I said, is good at adaptation, lit out instantly.

He gave me an exquisitely comic look of apology, kiting past, as one who says "I'll explain all this to you *later*," and then he became a short, low, red streak shooting up the lane toward our cottage home. The long, high, white streak stayed right behind him, still emitting bloodcurdling screams.



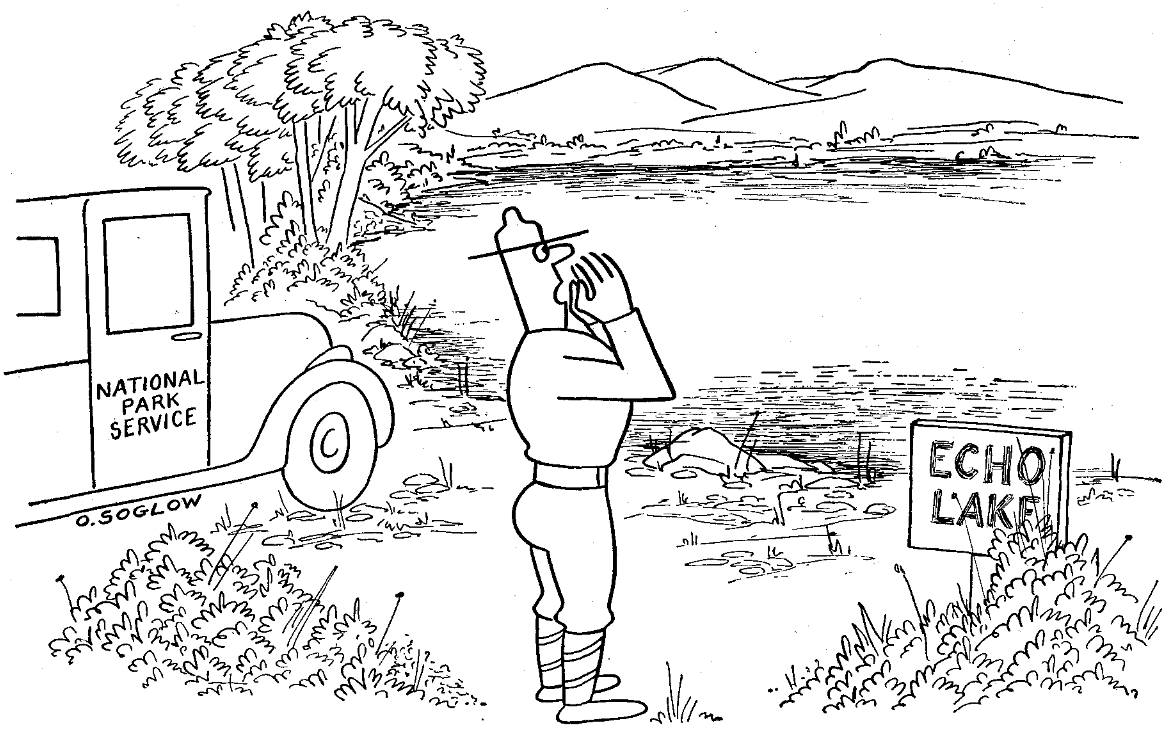
The chase lasted right up to the cottage steps. There Bill ducked under the porch. The screaming horse then undertook to tear the porch away. Planting his back feet at the bottom step, he heaved his front ones up to the floor and hammered. He left shoe marks deeply stamped into the wood. He sounded like a riveting machine being handled by a drunken operator.

That was the crescendo of his fury, and, appropriately, it did not last long. After perhaps thirty seconds, he gave up, got himself on an even keel again, and started back the way he had come. He did not race this time but advanced with that chunkily flouncing walk that is the normal gait of coquettish young fat women and work horses out of harness. In this style, he came along the lane toward me.

I thought, Now he will kill me. I thought it without emotion; the phantasmal quality of the episode had blown away my power to feel, and I had not yet begun to believe. I simply noted, and went on standing where I had been since the stampede. But the maniacal monster continued to ignore me. He sauntered flumpily past and went on down the lane. I then heard a rustling noise behind me, and turned to see a piebald boy rising out of the ground.

THE pasture lay at the left side of the lane, as you looked toward the post office. At the right was a ditch, dug fairly deep, for it served as a drain to an adjoining marshy spot. The time of year was mid-spring, and we had had a good deal of rain. In consequence, there was a flourishing growth of rushes and stickily new-looking swamp weeds sprouting from the ditch's sides and a foot or so of water at its bottom. It was from this aqueous tangle that the particolored child was emerging.

He was small. If I had been able to think of him as human, I would have judged him to be seven or eight. He had, however, a great lack of appearance of humanity. His face was a rich malarial yellow overlaid with splashy patches of bilious green. He had dull-crimson hair, quite unkempt, and one and a half brown eye, his other half eye being gray. He had a blue-black ear. He was rising out of the ditch, and I saw that he was dressed in a suit of overalls and jersey that from his head to his feet mercifully concealed him, but



"One—two—three—testing—one—two—three—testing."

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when he finally got clear of the rushes and stood in the lane before me, I perceived that the feet themselves were bare—and silvery gray.

This creature was looking at me with triumphant disdain. He even began to grin with a mocking expression, and that showed me that his teeth were brown. But what he presently said seemed to bear no relation to his feelings. Or, for that matter, to anything.

He remarked, "We're lozenges."

No reply occurred to me. I had been looking at him, and I went on doing that—that and nothing more.

He thereupon said it again. "We're lozenges."

I asked, "Who?"

"All the whole family," he answered. "Pop he's Lawrence D. Lozenge. My big brother he's Tilden Lozenge. Him and Al is near of a size, but Til he's oldest. Lester and Buster's twins. Alvin's fifteen. Lyle's twelve. I'm eight. Lee he's the baby. My name's Pete. I know yourn." He told it to me. "You live up there," he continued, tilting his head slightly in the direction of the rose-embowered cottage. "Last lady lived there fit with her old man. Me and Lyle seen 'em. We was watchin'. Through the front-bedroom winder."

"Well," I said. There was a short pause. Then I heard myself inquiring, "Any sisters?"

It became apparent that the youthful troglodyte despised the female sex. A look of bored contempt spread over his varicolored features, and he twitched his little chicken-wing shoulders in an indifferent shrug. I remember feeling a vague relief at the idea that his scorn of me derived from nothing worse than that I was a woman.

"Mitzi June," he said. "Linda Kay. Lorraine." He spat into the ditch water. "They're girls."

I said, "Oh."

He brightened meanly up. He gave me a triumphant leer. "Bet you're scared," he announced.

I said, "Oh?"

"Old Fred," he elucidated. "Our horse. He's ourn. He don't like dogs, Old Fred don't." He looked affectionately at the white beast, now far down the pleasant lane. "He likes to kill 'em," he said. "He tromps 'em up."

THE boy slid back down into his slimy nest, and I resumed my stroll. The lane was fairly long, and by the time I approached the end of it, I had recovered some calm. I reflected that I would have to leave Bill behind on future walks to the village; there would be an end of whistling my dog and setting forth, at least by this route. But then, I thought, we might tramp the woods together, and certainly the lane was not the only possible way to the village. There might even be a track across country that I could use and so avoid coming this way at all.

I was turning these thoughts over when I came abreast of a house, the only dwelling fronting on the lane except my own. It had an R.F.D. box standing beside its gate. Why, I thought, if they deliver mail here, they can deliver it at my place, too. And I turned in to make inquiries.

It was a decorous-looking farmhouse, two-storied and white-painted, approached by a brick walk. Its yard was surrounded by a paling fence, the gate of which was weighted with a tin can filled with earth and suspended on a chain. Everything was perfectly tidy. But the front blinds of the residence were all drawn, and when I stepped up on the little stoop before the door, I knew that that door was seldom opened and that there was a musty parlor within. I pulled the bell handle and was not surprised when there was no ring.

I went around to the back. I found a door standing open on a narrow porch, and as I approached to knock, a tall, thin, gray-haired old man came out. He had a blue checked apron tied over his suit and he was carrying a dishpan full of soapy water. He swung the vessel back, as if he meant to empty it into the yard, and then, seeing me, stopped the movement and set the pan down on a backless chair that stood beside the door. He was obviously surprised by my arrival, but he gave me good morning with an air of courteous solicitude.

I asked about the mail delivery, and he shook his head. There was none, he told me. His box? It was a dummy. He had put it up years before, to "humor" his mother. She had "gotten queer" in her old age. "She always lived in the country," he said, "and when we moved here, seemed she couldn't get used to our new town ways. She grieved for her old mailbox. So I got that one out there and set it up for her. Every day, I'd go to the post office and get the mail, and then put it in the box and let her find it. She never knowed. She thought it was real."

I said, "Oh."

I also said that I thanked him, and started to go away. But he was communicative. He went on talking.

"She died twenty year ago," he said. "I kep' her here. There she lies."

I looked at him. He was pointing at

the ground, at a low place in the yard not far from the end of the porch.

"That's her grave," he said. "It sinks."

I said, "Oh."

And once more I said that I thanked him, and once more started to go. This time, he walked along beside me.

"My wife wanted to take the mailbox down after Ma died," he said. "But I kep' it. To remember her by." He paused. "My wife died two year ago," he stated. "She's buried in the cemetery, with her people. She wanted it so." He paused again. "I'm all alone now," he said. "I've got nor chick nor child a-living in this world."

I had a sudden apprehension of the inside of his house as I stood there at the gate. There would be not just a shut-up parlor, I realized; all the rooms would be piously closed—all except the kitchen and the old man's sleeping quarters. He would use as little of his home as he could. The rest of it would stand there moldering around him as he went in and out, like the body of a dead tree around the den of a quiet animal. I pulled my feet loose from where they were taking root in the lane's earth.

"Oh," I said. "Well, thank you so much."

We exchanged good mornings, and I went on.

THE postmistress of our village was Mrs. Snow, a briskly polite middle-aged brunette who was obviously serious about the traditional duty of her position, the duty to be helpful. When she had identified me as the new tenant of the cottage up the lane and given me my mail, she said, "You'll have to hurry to catch your train. They're running on time this morning."

"Why, I'm not taking the train," I said, surprised.

"Oh, you're driving to the city, then?" she said. "I didn't see your car, so I supposed that you were going on the ten-ten."

"I'm not going at all," I told her. "I haven't my car. I walked down. D-down the lane. To get my mail. That's all."

"*Please* excuse me," said Mrs. Snow. "You're so dressed up. I thought you must be going to the city."

Was I dressed up? In my country, my absolutely country tweeds, pull-on, and vagabond hat? My English brogues? Were they a signal and a sign of dressing *up*? I went out into the village street and looked at the other women. There was not a country tweed in sight. The approved morning costume of the place was definitely a light-colored cotton house frock worn under a fur-trimmed coat, a scarf tied over the head, and on the feet anything from tennis shoes to opera pumps—anything, that is, except English brogues. I felt terribly conspicuous—the overdressed stranger, the most humiliating role in the world.

I went on home and found Bill waiting for me. Even in that short time he had adapted himself; he was the watchdog now, the intrepid guardian who remains behind, alone, to protect the master's premises. With his life, no doubt. He began to explain it to me, but I cut him short.

"Never mind," I said. "You were marvellous."

I STAYED there two years, and in that time I got to know the Lozenges quite well. They were not bad people. They lived in a frame house that was wired for electricity, they had not one radio but several, and every one of the boys, as well as I could make out, owned his personal jalopy. And Mother Lozenge went barefoot and could not write or read. The males of the family carried knives (for fighting), operated a tribal still, and kept a lookout in a tree, but this last observance, I feel sure, derived solely from the picturesque influence of the comic strips, because everybody for miles around knew about the liquor-making anyway. The girls were in their late teens and early twenties, but each of them had already had, as Mother Lozenge told it to me, "the first *dy*-vorce." They were all beauties, and Lorraine was a dream. She stole two of my sweaters out of my back yard, where I had laid them on the grass to dry, and wore them untroubled in my presence, but she was always friendly and polite, even helpful about doing little neighborly chores.

I never had any more trouble with Old Fred, because Mr. Lozenge shortly removed him to another pasture. The change was made, Pete explained to me, in recognition of the fact that after my first encounter I had not got nasty.

Pete was not really green-and-yellow of face and gray of foot. He was just filthy. His blue-black ear was a birthmark, and as for his mixed eyes, many people have them. The brownness of his teeth came from the circumstance that from the age of five he had chewed tobacco.

A buxom widow presently married the old man with the sinking grave. To my profound relief, she pulled up all the blinds of his house and set lamps in the windows. I wondered for a while if she would take down the mailbox, but she never did. It was still there when I moved away.

—MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

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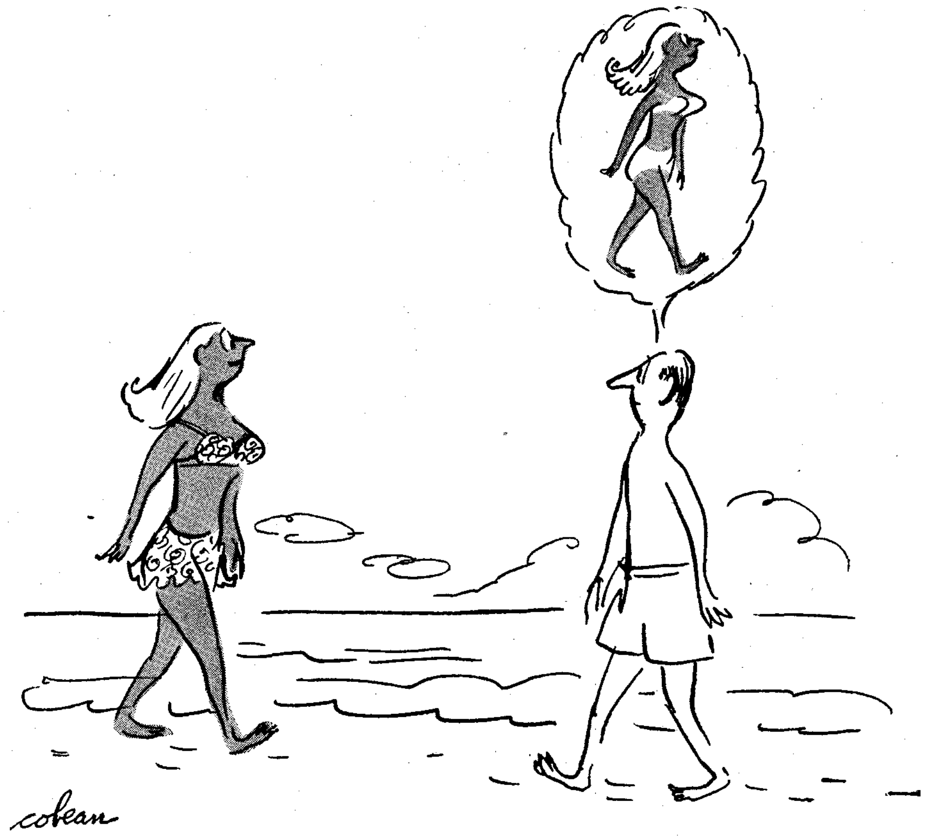
The Metropolis View Citizens' Association has taken steps designed to safeguard its area in case of war and at the same time to provide refreshments at next season's meetings.—*Washington (D.C.) Star*.

It pays to look at the whole picture.



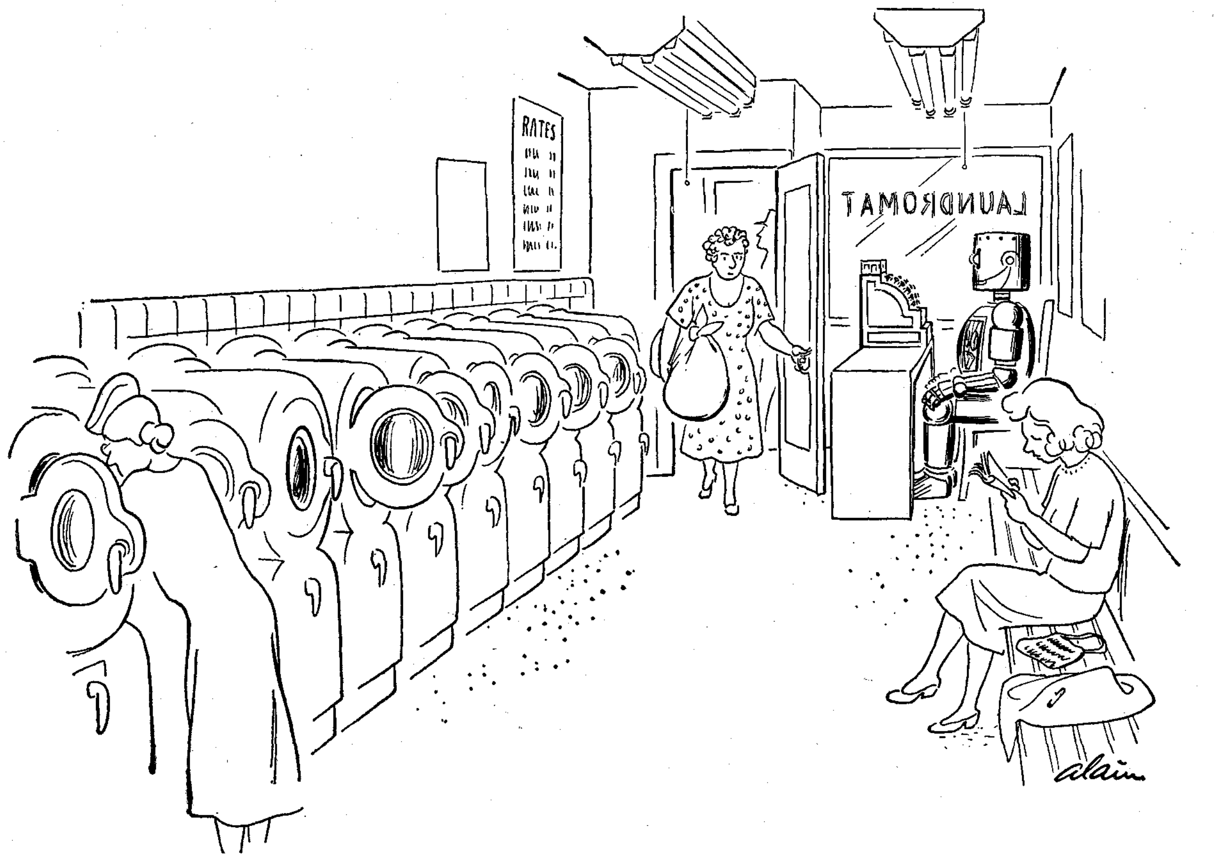
TENNIS

THE thing you ought to know about my father is that he plays a lovely game of tennis. Or rather, he used to, up to last year, when all of a sudden he had to give the game up for good. But even last summer, when he was fifty-five years of age, his game was something to see. He wasn't playing any of your middle-aged tennis, even then. None of that cute stuff, with lots of cuts and drop shots and getting everything back, that most older men play when they're beginning to carry a little fat and don't like to run so much. That wasn't for him. He still played all or nothing—the big game with a hard serve and coming right in behind it to the net. Lots of running in that kind of game, but he could still do it. Of course, he'd begun to make more errors in the last few years and that would annoy the hell out of him. But still he wouldn't change—not him. At that, his game was something to see when he was on. Everybody talked about it. There was always quite a little crowd around his court on the weekends, and when he and the other men would come off the court after a set of doubles, the wives would see their husbands all red and puffing. And then they'd look at my old man and see him grinning and not even breathing hard after *he'd* been doing all the running back after the lobs and putting away those overheads, and they'd say to him, "Honestly, Hugh, I just don't see how you do it, not at your age. It's *amazing*! I'm going to take my Steve [or Bill or Tom] off cigarettes and put him on a diet. He's ten years younger and just look at him." Then my old man would light up a cigarette and smile and shake his head and say, "Well, you know how it is. I just play a lot." And then a minute later he'd look around at everybody lying on the lawn there in the sun and pick out me or one of the other younger fellows and say, "Feel like a set of singles?"

If you know north Jersey at all, chances are you know my father. He's Hugh Minot—the Montclair one, not the fellow out in New Brunswick. Just about the biggest realty man in the whole section, I guess. He and my mother have this place in Montclair, thirty-five acres, with a swimming pool and a big vegetable garden and this En-Tout-Cas court. A lovely home. My father got a little name for himself playing football at Rutgers, and that helped him when he went into business, I guess. He never played tennis in college, but after getting out he wanted something to sort of fill in for the football—something he could do well, or do better than the next man. You know how people are. So he took the game up. Of course, I was too little to remember his tennis game when he was still young, but friends of his have told me that it was really hot. He picked the game up like nothing at all, and a couple of pros told him if he'd only started earlier he might have gotten up there in the big time—maybe even with a national ranking, like No. 18 or so. Anyhow, he kept playing and I guess in the last twenty years there hasn't been a season where he missed more than a couple of weekends of tennis in the summertime. A few years back, he even joined one of these fancy clubs in New York with indoor courts, and he'd take a couple of days off from work and go in there just so that he could play in the wintertime. Once, I remember, he played doubles in there with Alice Marble and I think Sidney Wood. He told my mother about that game lots of times, but it didn't mean much to her. She used to play tennis years ago, just for fun, but she wasn't too good and gave it up. Now the garden is the big thing with her, and she hardly ever comes out to their court, even to watch.

I PLAY a game of tennis just like my father's. Oh, not as good. Not nearly as good, because I haven't had the experience. But it's the same game, really. I've had people tell me that when they saw us playing together—that we both made the same shot the same way. Maybe my backhand was a little better (when it was on), and I used to think that my old man didn't get down low enough on a soft return to his forehand. But mostly we played the same game. Which isn't surprising, seeing that he taught me the game. He started way back when I was about nine or ten. He used to spend whole mornings with me, teaching me a single shot. I guess it was good for me and he did teach me a good, all-round game, but even now I can remember that those morning lessons would somehow discourage both of us. I couldn't seem to learn fast enough to suit him, and he'd get upset and shout across at me "Straight arm! Straight arm!" and then *I'd* get jumpy and do the shot even worse. We'd both be glad when the lesson ended.

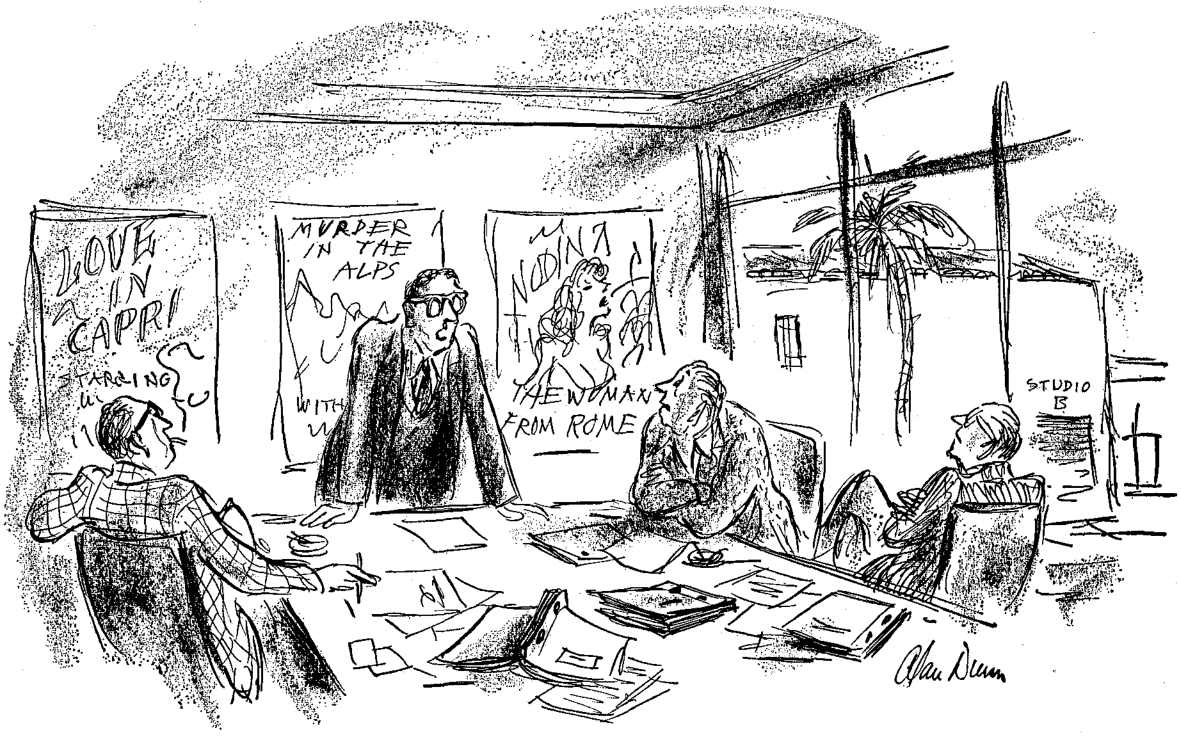
I don't mean to say



that he was so *much* better than I was. We got so we played pretty close a lot of the time. I can still remember the day I first beat him at singles. It was in June of 1937. I'd been playing quite a lot at school and this was my first weekend home after school ended. We went out in the morning, no one else there, and, as usual, he walked right through me the first set—about 6–1 or so. I played much worse than my regular game then, just like I always did against him for some reason. But the next set I aced him in the second game and that set me up and I went on and took him, 7–5. It was a wonderful set of tennis and I was right on top of the world when it ended. I remember running all the way back to the house to tell Mother about it. The old man came in and sort of smiled at her and said something like "Well, I guess I'm old now, Amy."

But don't get the idea I started beating him then. That was the whole trouble. There I was, fifteen, sixteen years old and getting my size, and I began to think, Well, it's about time you took him. He wasn't a young man any more. But he went right on beating me. Somehow I never played well against him and I knew it, and I'd start pressing and getting sore and of course my game would go blooey.

I remember one weekend when I was in college, a whole bunch of us drove down to Montclair in May for a weekend—my two roommates and three girls we knew. It was going to be a lot of fun. But then we went out for some tennis and of course my father was there. We all played some mixed doubles, just fooling around, and then he asked me if I wanted some singles. In that casual way of his. And of course it was 6–2, 6–3, or some such thing. The second set we were really hitting out against each other and the kids watching got real quiet, just as if it was Forest Hills. And then when we came off, Alice, my date, said something to me. About him, I mean. "I think your father is a remarkable man," she said. "Simply remarkable. Don't you think so?" Maybe she wanted to make me feel better about losing, but it was a dumb question. What could I say except yes?



"Here's the latest dope. I just had a call from R.B. We're to rewrite the script, placing the action in Siam. It seems we have some blocked ticals there."

IT was while I was in college that I began to play golf a little. I liked the game and I even bought clubs and took a couple of lessons. I broke ninety one day and wrote home to my father about it. He'd never played golf and he wrote back with some little gag about its being an old man's game. Just kidding, you know, and I guess I should have expected it, but I was embarrassed to talk about golf at home after that. I wasn't really very good at it, anyway.

I played some squash in college, too, and even made the B team, but I didn't try out for the tennis team. That disappointed my father, I think, because I wasn't any good at football, and I think he wanted to see me make some team. So he could come and see me play and tell his friends about it, I guess. Still, we did play squash a few times and I could beat him, though I saw that with time he probably would have caught up with me.

I don't want you to get the idea from this that I didn't have a good time playing tennis with him. I can remember the good days very well—lots of days where we'd played some doubles with friends or even a set of singles where my game was holding up or maybe even where I'd taken one set. Afterward we'd walk back together through the orchard, with my father knocking the green apples off the path with his racket the way he always did and the two of us hot and sweaty while we smoked cigarettes and talked about lots of things. Then we'd sit on the veranda and drink a can of beer before taking a dip in the pool. We'd be very close then, I felt.

And I keep remembering a funny thing that happened years ago—oh, away back when I was thirteen or fourteen. We'd gone away, the three of us, for a month in New Hampshire in the summer. We played a lot of tennis that month and my game was coming along pretty fast, but of course my father would beat me every single time we played. Then he and I both entered the little town championship there the last week in August. Of course, I was put out in the first round (I was only a kid), but my old man went on into the finals. There was quite a big crowd that came to watch that day, and they had a referee and everything. My father was playing a young fellow—about twenty or twenty-one, I guess he was. I remember that I sat by myself, right down beside the court, to watch, and while they were warming up I looked at this man playing my father and whispered to myself, but almost out loud, "Take him! Take him!" I don't know why, but I just wanted him to beat my father in those finals, and it sort of scared me when I found that out. I wanted him to give him a real shellacking. Then they began to play and it was a very close match for a few games. But this young fellow was good, really good. He played a very controlled game, waiting for errors and only hitting out for winners when it was a sure thing. And he went on and won the first set, and in the next my father began to hit into the net and it was pretty plain that it wasn't even going to be close in the second set. I kept watching and pretty soon I felt very funny sitting there. Then the man won a love game off my father and I began to shake. I jumped up and ran all the way up the road to our cabin and into my room and lay down on my bed and cried hard. I kept thinking how I'd wanted to have the man win, and I knew it was about the first time I'd ever seen my father lose a love game. I never felt so ashamed. Of course, that was years and years ago.

ACREAGE
FOR SALE

I don't think any of this would have bothered me except for one thing—I've always *liked* my father. Except for this game, we've always gotten along fine. He's never wanted a junior-partner son, either in his office or at home. No Judge Hardy stuff or "Let me light your cigar, sir." And no backslapping, either. There have been times where I didn't see much of him for a year or so, but when we got together (at a ball game, say, or during a long trip in a car), we've always found we could talk and argue and have a lot of laughs, too. When I came back on my last furlough before I went overseas during the war, I found that he'd chartered a sloop. The two of us went off for a week's cruise along the Maine coast, and it was swell. Early-morning swims and trying to cook over charcoal and the wonderful quiet that comes over those little coves after you've anchored for the night and the wind has dropped and perhaps you're getting ready to shake up some cocktails. One night there, when we were sitting on deck and smoking cigarettes in the dark, he told me something that he never even told my mother—that he'd tried to get into the Army and had been turned down. He just said it and we let it drop, but I've always been glad he told me. Somehow it made me feel better about going overseas.

Naturally, during the war I didn't play any tennis at all. And when I came back I got married and all, and I was older, so of course the game didn't mean as much to me. But still, the first weekend we played at my father's—the very first time I'd played him in four years—it was the same as ever. And I'd have sworn I had outgrown the damn thing. But Janet, my wife, had never seen me play the old man before and *she* spotted something. She came up to our room when I was changing afterward. "What's the matter with you?" she asked me. "Why does it mean so much to you? It's just a game, isn't it? I can see that it's a big thing for your father. That's why he plays so much and that's why he's so good at it. But why you?" She was half kidding, but I could see that it upset her. "This isn't a contest," she said. "We're not voting for Best Athlete in the County, are we?" I took her up on that and tried to explain the thing a little, but she wouldn't try to understand. "I just don't like a sorehead," she told me as she went out of the room.

I GUESS that brings me down to last summer and what happened. It was late in September, one of those wonderful weekends where it begins to get a little cool and the air is so bright. Father had played maybe six or seven sets of doubles Saturday, and then Sunday I came out with Janet, and he had his regular tennis gang there—Eddie Earnshaw and Mark O'Connor and that Mr. Lacy. I guess we men had played three sets of doubles, changing around, and we were sitting there catching our breath. I was waiting for Father to ask me for our singles. But he'd told me earlier that he hadn't been able to get much sleep the night before, so I'd decided that he was too tired for singles. Of course, I didn't even mention that out loud in front of the others—it would have embarrassed him. Then I looked around and noticed that my father was sitting in one of those canvas chairs instead of standing up, the way he usually did between sets. He looked awfully pale, even under his tan, and while I was looking at him he suddenly leaned over and grabbed his stomach and was sick on the grass. We all knew it was pretty bad, and we laid him down and put his cap over his eyes, and I ran back to the house to tell Mother and phone up the doctor. Father didn't say a word when we carried him into the house in the chair, and then Dr. Stockton came and said it was a heart attack and that Father had played his last game of tennis.

You would have thought after that and after all those months in bed that my father would just give up his tennis court—have it plowed over or let it go to grass. But Janet and I went out there for the weekend just last month and I was surprised to find that the court was in good shape, and Father said that he had asked the gang to come over, just so I could have some good men's doubles. He'd even had a chair set up in the orchard, halfway out to the court, so he could walk out there by himself. He walked out slow, the way he has to, and then sat down in the chair and rested for a couple of minutes, and then made it the rest of the way.

I haven't been playing much tennis this year, but I was really on my game there that day at my father's. I don't think I've ever played better on that court. I hardly made an error and I was relaxed and I felt good about my game. The others even spoke about how well I played.

But somehow it wasn't much fun. It just didn't seem like a real contest to me, and I didn't really care that I was holding my serve right along and winning my sets no matter who my partner was. Maybe for the first time in my life, I guess, I found out that it was only a game we were playing—only that and no more. And I began to realize what my old man and I had done to that game. All that time, all those years, I had only been trying to grow up and he had been trying to keep young, and we'd both done it on the tennis court. And now our struggle was over. I found that out that day, and when I did I suddenly wanted to tell my father about it. But then I looked over at him, sitting in a chair with a straw hat on his head, and I decided not to. I noticed that he didn't seem to be watching us at all. I had the feeling, instead, that he was *listening* to us play tennis and perhaps imagining a game to himself or remembering how he would play the point—the big, high-bouncing serve and the rush to the net for the volley, and then going back for the lob and looking up at it and the wonderful feeling as you uncoil on the smash and put the ball away.

—Roger Angell

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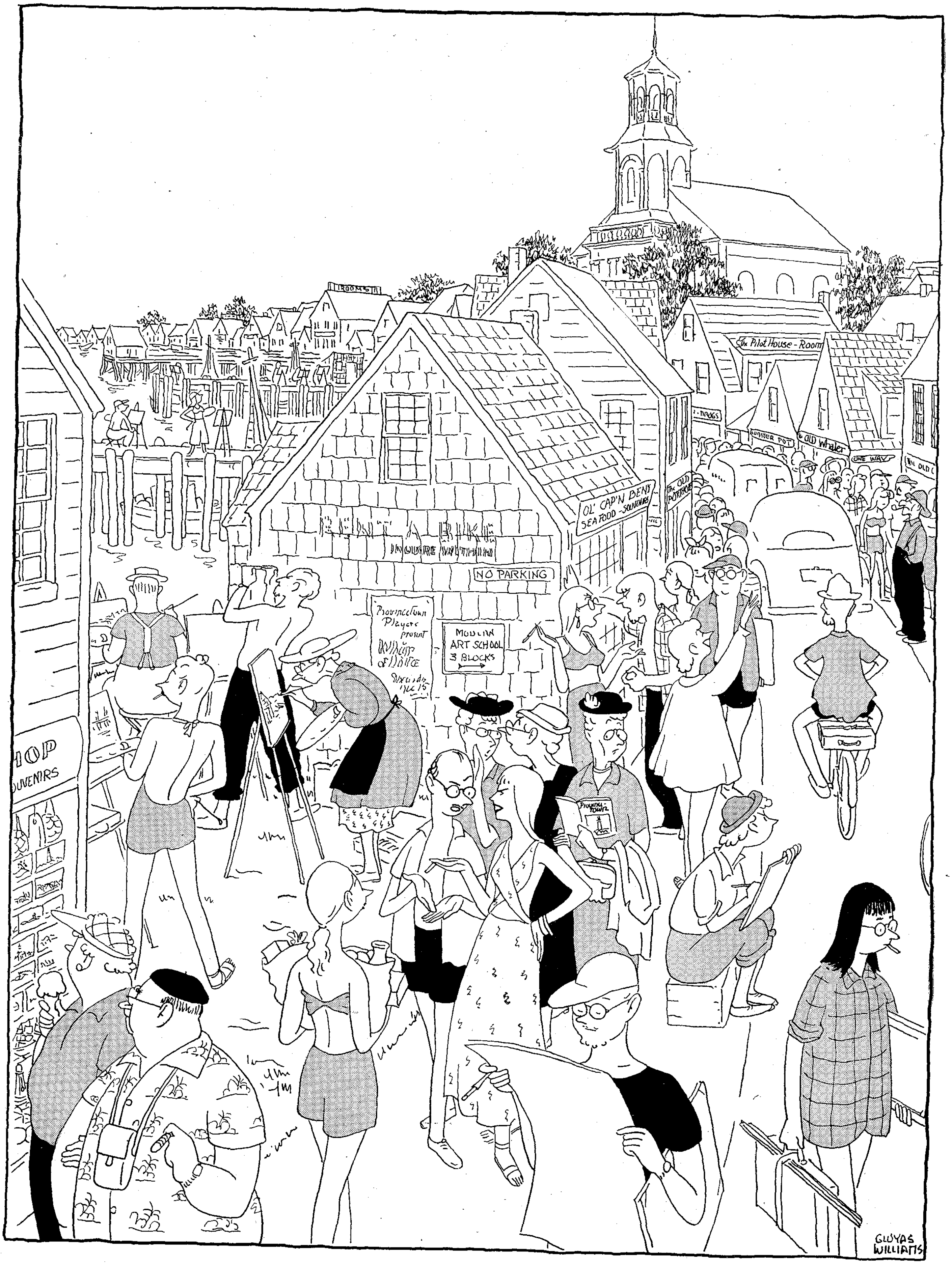
THE POLLARD BEECH

(Camden Town, London)

Blue-pencil knife, to keep it brief,
Edits the sprawled, loquacious beech,
And clips each hyperbolic leaf
To fit the city's stumpy speech.

Till, like a slogan, trim and terse,
It stands and sums up in a word
The gist of that once epic verse
Whose every branch rhymed with a bird.

—Laurie Lee


ROOMS
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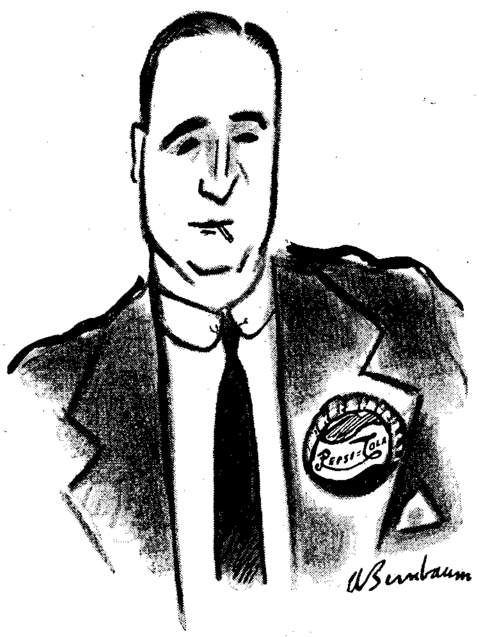
DRUGS
LOBSTER POT
OLD Whaler
ONE WAY
THE OLD
The OLD PORTHOLE
OL' CAP'N BEN'S SEA FOOD - SOUVENIRS
RENT A BIKE
INQUIRE WITHIN
NO PARKING
Provincetown Players present
MODERN ART SCHOOL 3 BLOCKS
HOP
SOUVENIRS
Provincetown
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

Provincetown

PROFILES

MORE BOUNCE TO THE OUNCE—II



Walter S. Mack, Jr.

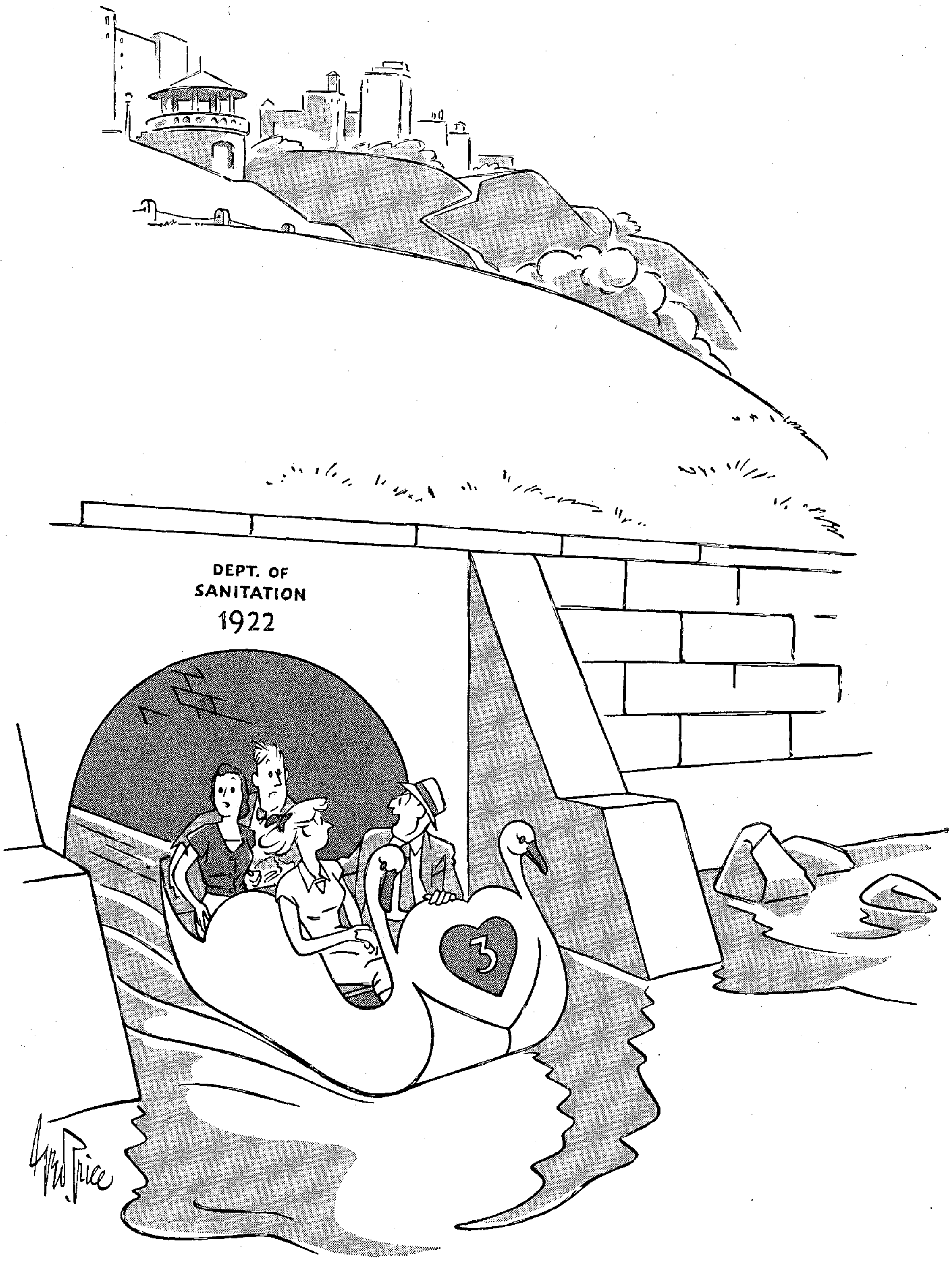
THREE years ago, an organization called the American Schools and Colleges Association, evidently wishing to inspire American youth to emulate a select few of its elders, designated five captains of industry as shining examples of businessmen who "best symbolize the traditional Horatio Alger career." One of the quintet was Walter Staunton Mack, Jr., at that time the president and at the moment the chairman of the board of the Pepsi-Cola Company, and a man who has seemed to many people to symbolize—because of his vigorous but vain effort to overtake his firm's one great rival, the Coca-Cola Company—the traditional career of a racing greyhound. The sequence of events that catapulted Mack—a long-limbed, sad-eyed man who in looks, zeal, and tenacity bears a closer resemblance to a bloodhound—into eminence would have been frowned upon by Alger. To be sure, Mack is as acquisitive a fellow as any Alger hero, but he came from a comfortably well-off family and he did not start at Pepsi-Cola as, say, a bottle washer or syrup mixer and work his way to the top. Mack began as president. What is more, the job was not a goal at which he had been aiming since adolescence. Until shortly before he took over the company, he hadn't cared a hang about Pepsi-Cola. He had never tasted it. Indeed, until 1936, when he was asked to participate in a proxy battle for control of the company, he had never even *heard* of it. He admitted this in 1940, while testifying during one of several lawsuits in which he and Pepsi-Cola have been involved. Around the same time, he sent his Pepsi-Cola to market decorated with a label that said "Famous for 30 Years," thus indicating that he thought he had been perhaps uniquely ignorant.

Mack's association with Pepsi-Cola, a colorful and animated partnership that has taken them into skywriting, painting competitions, singing commercials, square dancing, and a host of other gay adventures, came about as a result of a complex chain of circumstances. In 1936, he was one of the owners and principal officers of the Phoenix Securities Corporation, a Wall Street firm that, as its name implies, performed a rejuvenative function. Its practice was to invest heavily enough in ailing businesses to be able to take a firm administrative grip on them, and then nurse them along to a point where they would be hale and hearty and where Phoenix's investment in them would show a profit. That year, Mack was approached by James Carkner, the president of Loft, Inc., and invited to give *his* outfit a boost. Loft then operated a chain of a hundred and fifteen candy stores, which were not doing especially well. Moreover, Carkner's predecessor, a man named Charles Guth, had complicated the company's finances. While he was president, he had, using Loft's cash reserves, got hold of the stock of the bankrupt Pepsi-Cola Company, which he then had begun to revive. When he left Loft's, he managed to take with him ninety-one per cent of the stock of the Pepsi-Cola Company. The other nine per cent was in the hands of people to whom Guth had sold or given it. The Loft company was convinced that the stock rightfully belonged to it, and sued Guth. Guth also owned a good deal of Loft stock, and Carkner was afraid that he would try to supplement his voting power with enough proxies to oust the Carkner regime at the next stockholders' meeting, which would, of course, cause Loft's action against him to be dropped. Carkner asked Mack to help him out with some long-term financing and to provide some immediate aid by collecting pro-Carkner proxies.

When Phoenix was first brought into the soft-drink picture, all Mack knew about the selling of potables was what he had learned while Phoenix briefly ministered to the spavined fortunes of the makers of Hunter Baltimore Rye, a hard drink. On investigating soft drinks, and especially cola drinks, Mack discovered that the latter had been thriving in the United States since 1886, when Coca-Cola made its début, and on the west coast of Africa, where the cola, or kola, nut is most abundant, for incalculable years before that. In the African interior, where the cola tree was scarce, ground cola nut was worth its weight in gold dust. Not only was the cola nut much prized by the natives as a water purifier, strength builder, love potion, and hangover cure but, blended with milk and honey, it produced a nectar that, according to one explorer who had sampled it, was "a very agreeable, stimulating, and invigorating beverage." The popularity of Coca-Cola, a blend of an extract of the nut with such prosaic items as sugar, water, and an extract of the coca leaf (from which, as Coca-Cola officials continually feel impelled to assert, the cocaine has been removed), had led to the appearance of many other American colas, including Pepsi-Cola, which was devised in the eighteen-nineties by a druggist in New Bern, North Carolina. It hadn't prospered; the company that made it went through two reorganizations and then went bankrupt. By 1931, it was regarded as so nearly worthless a commodity, particularly in view of the seemingly unassailable position of Coca-Cola, that Guth, who had become president of Loft the year before, was able to take it over for twelve thousand dollars. He had attempted to get a special discount on the Coca-Cola sold in Loft stores, and on being rebuffed by the Coca-Cola Company, had resolved to acquire his own cola drink. Guth sold Pepsi-Cola only in Loft stores for a year and then ventured into the bottling field. In 1935, he got tired of the candy business and quit Loft, taking along the Pepsi-Cola stock. When Loft sued him and asked Phoenix for help, Mack, responding in a forthright manner, turned up at Loft's 1936 stockholders' meeting with proxies for close to a hundred thousand shares—enough, with Carkner's holdings, to keep the administration in power. In return for this service, as well as for his financial aid, Mack and three of his Phoenix associates were elected to the Loft board of directors.

Mack maintains today that when Phoenix first got mixed up with Loft, he didn't think it likely that Loft would win its suit against Guth, and that he was primarily interested in putting Loft on a sound financial footing by cutting down on the production of fancy confectionery and going in for nickel candy bars. It has been maintained by others that Phoenix was principally, if not entirely, motivated by its conviction that Loft *would* win the suit and that, on recovering the Pepsi-Cola stock, it would be brimful of succulent assets, for even in 1936, Pepsi-Cola's net profit was two million dollars. In any event, Phoenix poured nearly a million dollars into the company, getting in exchange, among other things, options to buy, at the market price at the time the options were given, several large blocks of Loft treasury stock that nobody had wanted. On September 17, 1938, a Saturday, the Chancellor of Delaware, before whom the case had been argued, handed down a decision giving Loft Guth's ninety-one per cent of Pepsi-Cola. Over the weekend, the value of Loft stock soared from two dollars a share, where it had been languishing for quite a while, to a robust five dollars. Early Monday morning, Mack exercised most of Phoenix's options, picking up three hundred and seventy-five thousand shares of Loft—around a quarter of the stock outstanding—at between a dollar and a half and two dollars a share. The Phoenix Securities Corporation was not the only organization to rejoice at the Chancellor's verdict. The two law firms that represented Loft had agreed to accept as their joint fee, in the event of victory, twenty-five per cent of whatever Pepsi-Cola assets were recovered. When Mack learned of this deal, he considered it unconscionably generous, and he told the lawyers that he would do everything he could to keep the fee from being paid, agreement or no agreement. He finally got them to accept twelve and a half per cent of the ninety-one per cent. Even so, they did all right. If they had held on to all their stock (as they did not) until the spring of 1946, when Pepsi-Cola's stock-market value reached its all-time peak, their twelve and a half per cent would have been worth slightly more than twenty-five million dollars. Mack has never owned more than about twenty thousand shares of the stock, which has lately hovered around ten dollars a share. At the present time, his holdings amount to only a little over ten thousand shares.

Guth appealed the verdict, and, pending the outcome of the appeal, the Chancellor decreed that Pepsi-Cola was to be governed by a board of seven directors, three to be appointed by Loft, three by Guth, and the seventh by a unanimous vote of the other six. The president and the treasurer were to represent Loft and the general manager and the comptroller to represent Guth. Mack was picked to be president and a director; Guth picked himself as general manager and a director. Mack and the treasurer, a Phoenix colleague, made their first trip to Pepsi-Cola's headquarters, in Long Island City, one chilly day

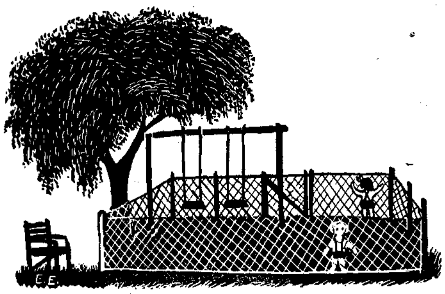


"We must have made a wrong turn somewhere."

in October. They got an inkling of what life around there was going to be like when they found at lunchtime that a partisan of Guth's had locked the door of the office in which they had left their hats and topcoats. Guth, as general manager, assigned Mack an office that was directly above the boiler room and was, literally, a sweatshop. At meetings of the board of directors, there was so much hostility between the two factions that every vote, on no matter how inconsequential an issue and including the issue of who the seventh member should be, resulted in a three-to-three tie. The Chancellor, apprised of this stalemate, appointed a seventh man, a neutral, as chairman of the board. He was Arthur T. Vanderbilt, at that time a professor of law at New York University and chairman of the National Committee on Traffic Law Enforcement. He regulated the traffic at directors' meetings so impressively that after Guth lost his appeal, in April of 1939, Mack, though no longer faced with any intransigence on the board, invited him to remain a member, which he did until 1948, when he was named Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. The position of chairman of the board was not filled again until last March, when Mack moved into it, being replaced as president by his former executive vice-president, Alfred N. Steele, who had previously been a sales chief for Coca-Cola and is the only man in the history of the two rival firms to have held a top job with both.

The final disposition of the Guth case didn't end Mack's legal troubles. For one thing, he had inherited from Guth quite a few lawsuits brought against Pepsi-Cola by Coca-Cola, which resented a competitor's grazing profitably in what it had long looked upon as its private pasture. These disputes were settled in 1942, when the two companies agreed to live and let live. The principal new lawsuit with which Mack was obliged to concern himself was instituted in December, 1938, by some Loft stockholders who were disturbed by the manner in which Phoenix had acquired its stock options and by the fact that Phoenix already stood to make a four-million-dollar profit out of its investment in Loft. The stockholders sued Phoenix, Loft, and twelve individuals, including Mack, demanding that Phoenix pay some of its windfall into Loft's treasury. The case was argued for several months, and the upshot of it was that Phoenix paid a million dollars in cash to Loft. Mack took this blow with equanimity. "Phoenix owned nearly half of Loft by then anyway," he said not long ago, "and I figured that if we put a million into Loft, we'd be getting nearly half of it back by virtue of being stockholders ourselves. And as for the other half, Loft needed more working capital, so from a hardboiled Phoenix point of view our losing the million dollars actually meant that we were strengthening a company in which we had a large interest."

Soon after Guth departed from the scene, Mack, who had been dividing his time between Pepsi-Cola and Phoenix, moved into an office in the Long Island City plant that was kept at a reasonable temperature and began devoting himself more or less exclusively to the soft-drink business. The Pepsi-Cola Company was still a subsidiary of Loft, but its future seemed much more promising than that of the parent company. Accordingly, Mack sold the confectionery end of Loft and soon thereafter brought about the absorption of the parent by its child, a practice that had theretofore been restricted to certain natives of New Guinea, who, when their father and mother grow old and enfeebled, eat them.



Mack was born on October 19, 1895, in a brownstone on West Eighty-fourth Street. His father was a native of Ohio who had migrated to New York as a boy; *his* father, Max Mack, had been a woollens jobber in Cincinnati. Walter Mack, Sr., ran a woollens business on lower Fifth Avenue for a while, and in 1911 bought a substantial interest in a local cotton-converting firm called Bedford Mills. His wife, the former Alice Ranger, was the daughter of a Texan, Gustave Ranger, who founded the Galveston Cotton Exchange and, in the pioneer

HOW OFT, IN MEMORY'S TELEVISION . . .

Out of the past, out of the darkling fogs,
  Many a phantom momently appears.
Who was the girl who imitated frogs,
  And croaks she still, after these many years?
There's one who murmurs from oblivion—
  One whose left eyelid is a little weary.
Whose was the yielding face I trod upon
  While climbing to an upper on the Erie?
    And who was Matilda Clegg,
    Who wrote her name on an egg?

Who was the lady in a dim hotel
  I slashed to freedom when a zipper fouled?
She made my heart leap like a young gazelle,
  And vanished. And an ominous tempest howled.
Whose was the upper plate that caught and bit
  A dreadful puncture in my right front tire,
And I cried, quaking: "Heaven! Have I hit
  And run, and left my victim to expire?"
    And who was Matilda Clegg,
    Who wrote her name on an egg?

As in a broken video, I scan
  Faces that waver, fade, and liquefy.
Who was it made of wax a little man
  With pins bedizened, and the man was I?
Ah, I alone remember for a while
  Shreds of reality, not yet destroyed:
A syllable, a lilt of lips, a smile,
  Veiled by the vengeance of the advancing void.
    Who *are* you, Matilda Clegg,
    Who wrote your name on an egg?

—Morris Bishop

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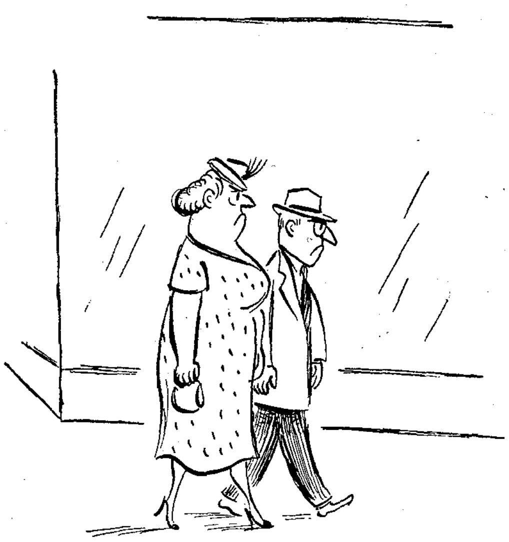

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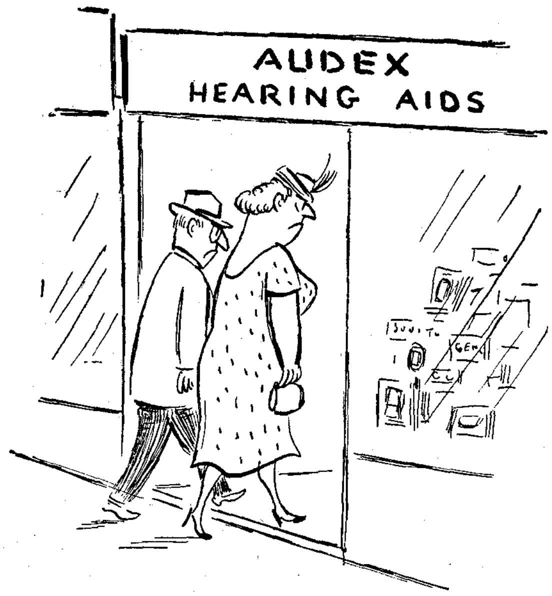

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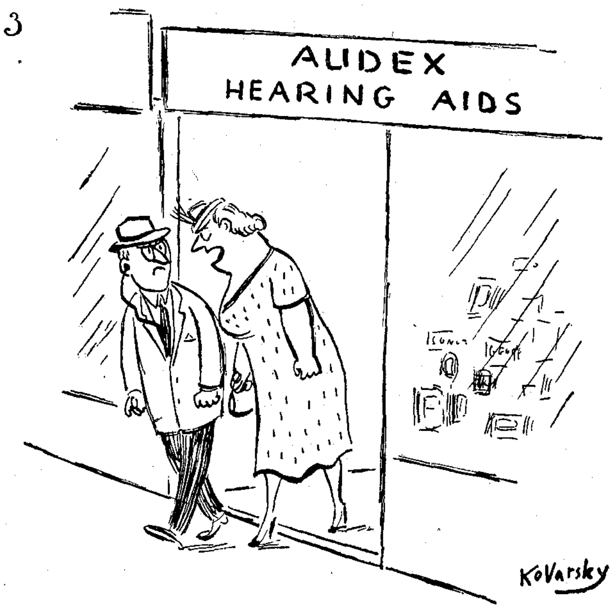


tradition of the Southwest, was to be honored by having a town named after him. Walter, Jr., attended P.S. 87 and DeWitt Clinton High School, from which he graduated in the spring of 1913. That fall he entered Harvard. At college, he gave most of his attention to mathematics and economics. During his senior year, he was manager of the junior-varsity football team. (There is no truth to the rumor, once circulated by a prankish friend, that the manager of the varsity subsequently became head of Coca-Cola.) He completed his studies in three and a half years, just in time to enlist in the Navy when the United States declared war in 1917. After some North Atlantic service as a Seaman 2nd Class, he was sent to an officers' training school at Annapolis. (He graduated from there with the rank of ensign and held it for the rest of the war.) He engaged principally in helping to ferry troops from the United States and Ireland to France. He was demobilized in 1919 and went to work for his father. He spent nine years with Bedford Mills, beginning as an apprentice salesman in its showrooms and ending as president.

In the meantime, Mack took an International Correspondence Schools course in cotton weaving. He developed a great interest in clothing, which is still with him, though now it is concentrated on his wardrobe. Today, he is an elegant figure. As he stands an inch over six feet, and often elects to top himself off with a striking bit of headgear, he is conspicuous in most crowds. He is addicted in the summertime to handmade, featherweight straw hats from the Philippines, with huge, floppy brims. The manager of Pepsi-Cola's Manila bottling plant gets them from native milliners for a couple of cases of Pepsi-Cola a hat. (A bottler's investment in a case of twenty-four bottles comes to about forty cents.) Mack got his current winter hats at even more of a bargain; they cost nothing. In an age when the popularity of the bowler is dwindling, he is a steadfast bowler man. The kind he is fondest of has an unusually narrow brim. His present bowlers, three handsome specimens from Gelot, in Paris, were ordered, through a men's outfitter Mack goes to, by another gentleman, who died before they arrived. The proprietor of the shop could find no one but Mack who combined the right head size with the right sartorial inclinations, and, in appreciation of Mack's steady patronage, gave them to him. Mack scraped off the man's initials and has contentedly worn the hats ever since. He pays for all his suits and overcoats, and designs some of them. He is partial to revivals of old-fashioned styles, and one of his favorite creations is a four-button suit coat with lapels that meet just beneath the knot of his tie. Five years ago, he instructed a tailor to make him a gray tweed overcoat with a gray velvet collar. "The following year *everybody* was wearing my coat," Mack said recently. "I wasn't offended, but I like to be ahead of the times, so when the combination got common, I couldn't go on wearing mine. I ordered another gray tweed coat, without a velvet collar."

Mack has been married twice. His first wife, whom he married in 1922, was Marion Reckford, a granddaughter of Adolph Lewisohn and a lady not merely of means but of considerable intellectual attainments. She was on the New York City Board of Higher Education from 1931 until last month and was for a time chairman of the administrative committee of Hunter College. While she and Mack were married, they adopted two children. The family had a town house in New York and a farm in Virginia, where Mack dabbled in raising chickens and turkeys and kept a stable of show horses and race horses. Mrs. Mack divorced him during the recent war. He is now married to the former Ruth J. Watkins, a divorcée who had been his secretary at Phoenix and was his personnel manager at Pepsi-Cola. They have two children.

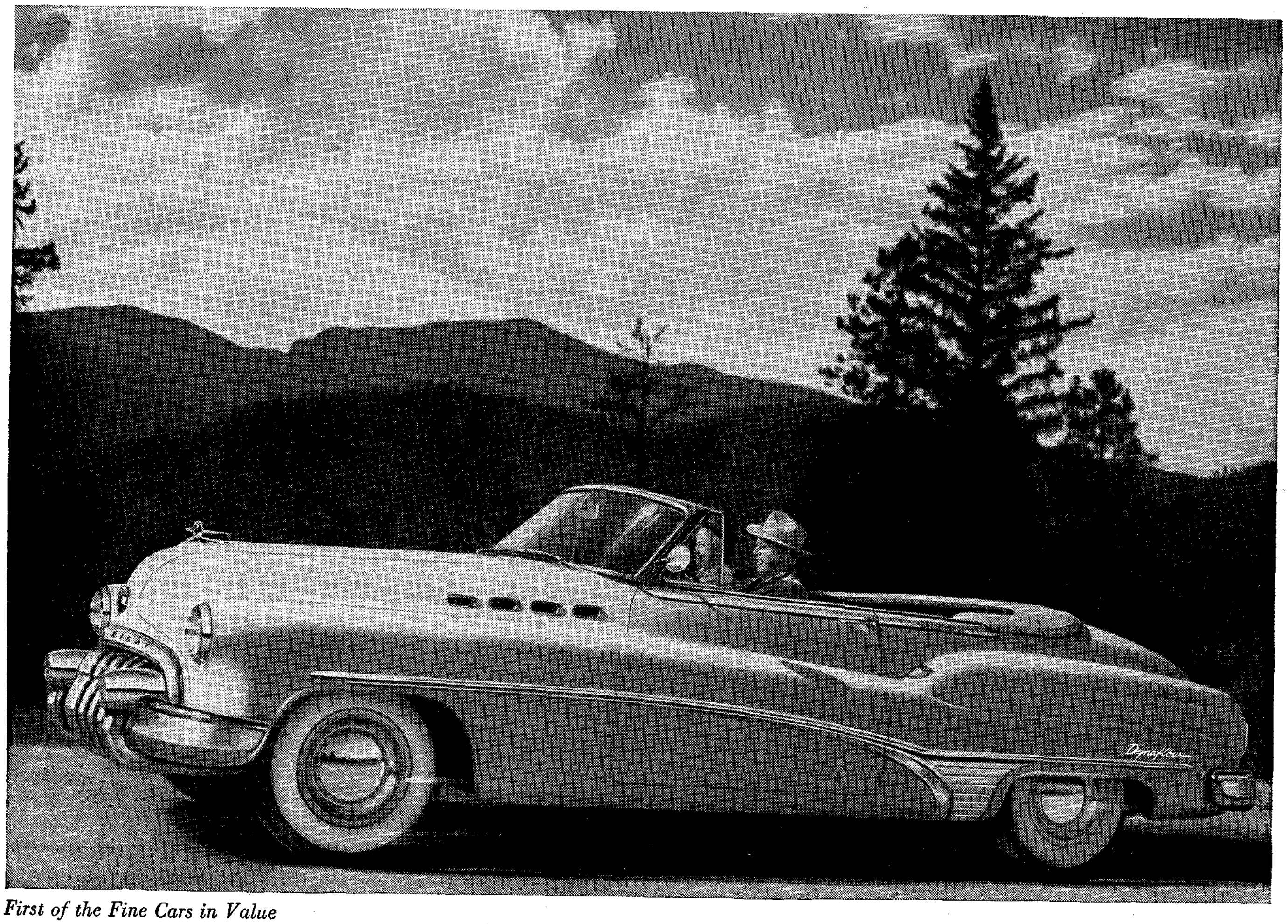
The Macks live in an expansive apartment on upper Fifth Avenue. They also have a country place at Bantam Lake, Connecticut, a couple of hundred acres of farmland near Cooperstown, New York, and an island in Chesapeake Bay, called Walrus Island but inhabited chiefly by wild goats. The Macks lead a bustling social life, some of it the result of his being affiliated with a vast number of social and civic organizations. He is a member of eight clubs, including two Harvard Clubs (Boston and New York), of four Chambers of Commerce (Mexico, Cuba, New York State, and Queensboro), of the Military Order of the World Wars, of the Naval Order of the United States, of the Municipal Art Society, of the New York City Council of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination, and of the Elks. He is a director of the Far East American Council of Commerce and Industry, of the Police Athletic League, of the City Center of Music and Drama, and of the New York War and Peace Memorial Committee. At one time or another, he has participated in drives on behalf of the Red Cross, the United Service Organizations, the National Safety Council, and the Girl Scouts. Some of his friends think that his most spectacular contribution to any of the causes for which he has toiled was made in 1947, when he enlivened the annual ball of the Outdoor Cleanliness Association by arranging for the presence at it, in addition to the dowagers and débutantes who habitually attend, of a hundred college football players, including—thanks to his having made the right managerial connections while an undergraduate—the entire Harvard varsity squad of forty-three.

Whitney Darrow, jr.

"The lignatae diurniti mothola be hanged, Phyllis. It's you I want."

MACK got out of Bedford Mills in 1928, when he was thirty-three, and soon after that was offered a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year job by a Wall Street investment house. He took it under the impression that after a brief indoctrination period he would be assigned to the refinancing and reorganizing of corporations, a field in which he had resolved to specialize. At the end of his first month, a senior partner of the firm called him in, congratulated him on the rapidity with which he had caught on to things, handed him a check for a month's pay, and told him he was to be a customers' man. Mack tore up the check, laid the pieces in the senior partner's ashtray, and got himself a job with William B. Nichols & Co., a firm that did practically nothing but reorganizational work. He was presently given the mission of rehabilitating a small investment house called Chain & General Equities, which invested in chain-store securities. To facilitate his work, he was made a vice-president of it. Shortly afterward, it was gobbled up by a larger investment house, called the Equity Corporation, and he became a vice-president of that.

Meanwhile, Mack had been enthusiastically taking



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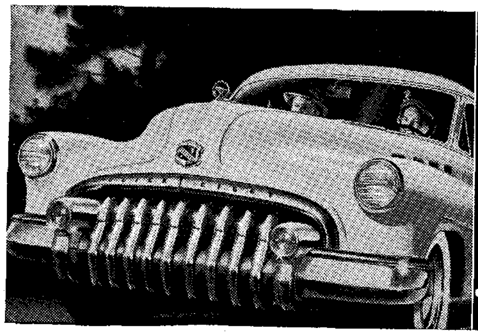

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ROADMASTER
with Dynaflow Drive

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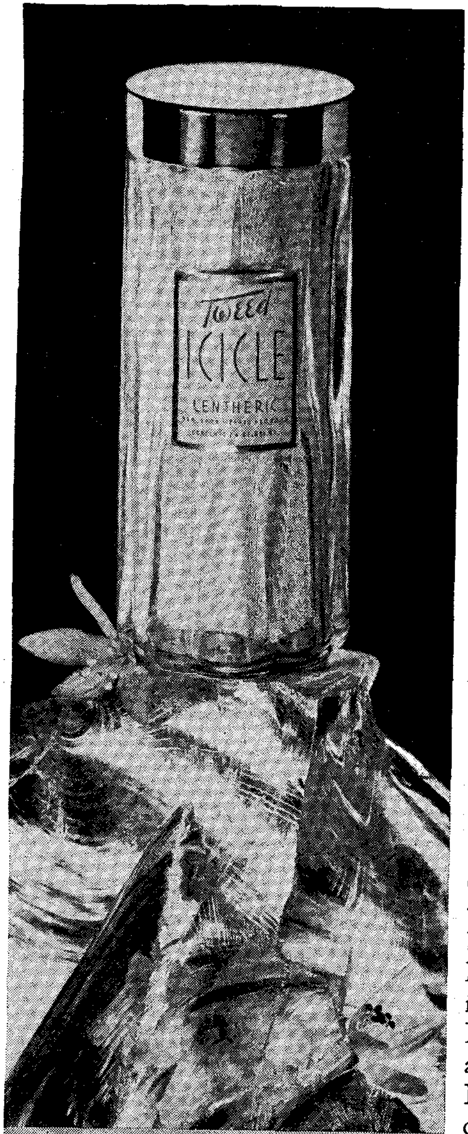

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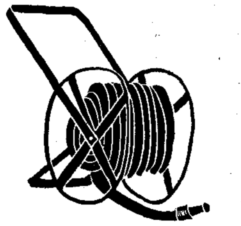
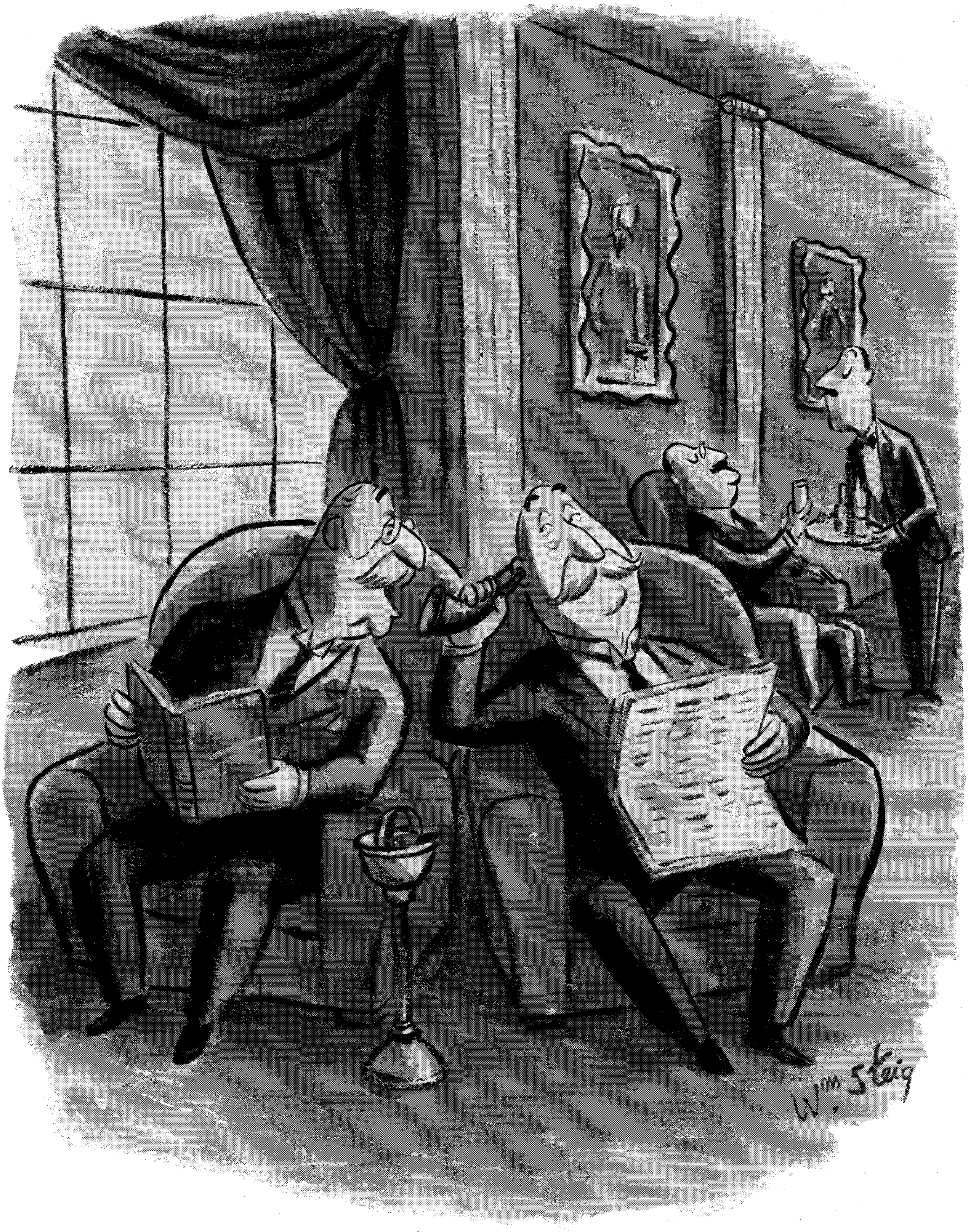
part in local politics. In the early nineteen-twenties, he betrothed himself to the Republican Party as a doorbell-ringer. In due course, he advanced to district captain, and in 1930 was elected president of the Republican Club of the Fifteenth Assembly District. Two years after that, he was his party's candidate for the State Senate from the Seventeenth Senatorial District, which then ran from Third Street to 118th Street and from Third Avenue to Eighth Avenue. He hired a press agent four months before Election Day, got an endorsement from Calvin Coolidge ("I'm glad to see a businessman who knows the value of a dollar going into politics"), and put on a spirited campaign. The year he ran for office was, however, an inauspicious one for Republicans, being the year Franklin D. Roosevelt first ran for the Presidency. Mack might have won, even so, if he had taken the advice offered him by the late Dutch Schultz, who was generally recognized as top dog in the northern portion of Mack's district. "Three weeks before the election," Mack said recently, "two strange-looking gents came to my campaign headquarters and asked if I wanted to win. I said sure. They asked me if I would talk with their boss. I said sure. They told me to be at the corner of Eighty-ninth Street and Park Avenue at three o'clock the next afternoon. I was, and a big black armor-plated limousine came along and took me to a billiard parlor at 116th and Park—one of those places that had a saloon in the rear. In the back room, there were six guys sitting around a table. I recognized one as Schultz. It was a warm day, and after we had all shaken hands, Schultz said, 'Have a beer?' I said sure. Then we all took our coats off. I was the only fellow there without a revolver in one armpit and another on one hip. Schultz said, 'You want to be elected?' I said sure. Schultz said, 'It'll cost you five thousand dollars.' I said I didn't want to buy my way in. 'Mack, you're a damn fool,' Schultz told me. 'Do what one of your predecessors did. I'll bet you five thousand that you'll be elected. If you're elected, you lose the bet. If you're not elected, you win the bet and I'll owe you five thousand. You won't win the bet.' I told him I thought I'd win the election anyway—without betting. 'You're silly,' Schultz said. 'Have another beer.' I said sure. Then one of his boys drove me home. He was a hell of a nice little fellow named Brown, and I couldn't have been more surprised when it turned out he was supposed to be the trigger man who got Vincent Coll in the phone booth. Somebody got poor Brown in a phone booth, too, I heard later."

On Election Day, Mack deduced that Schultz had been piqued by his refusal to make a friendly wager. The late Kenneth Simpson, then a member of the Republican County Committee and a pal of Mack's, had offered to serve as one of his poll-watchers, and he walked into a polling station in Schultz's bailiwick to see if the voting was going along honorably. He was hit on the head by a couple of less fastidious poll-watchers and tossed into the street. Mack discovered a polling station where fifty people who said they had registered were standing outside. The place had closed; the officials in charge of it explained to Mack that eight hundred and four people had registered to vote there and that eight hundred and four votes had already been cast. Some supporters of Mack were unceremoniously accompanied behind the curtains of the voting booths by thuggish-looking bystanders who tripped the levers themselves, to save Mack's people the trouble. So efficiently did Schultz demonstrate his disappointment in Mack that—although the Republican candidate ran well ahead of his Democratic opponent in the rest of the Seventeenth District—he got only five per cent of the vote in Schultz's territory. That lost him the election. Enraged, Mack proceeded to gather affidavits from close to three hundred citizens who had been unable to vote, had been coerced into voting for someone else, or had seen someone vote more than once. This evidence led, a few months later, to Thomas E. Dewey's celebrated investigation of corrupt elections. While Mack was assembling it, he noticed that a couple of men, bulging at the hips and armpits, seemed to be following him wherever he went. Undaunted, he engaged a shadow of his own, a retired police captain with the felicitous name of Honest Dan Costigan, to tail his tailers. For several weeks, this procession paraded around town, tying up traffic now and then but without creating any serious incident.



Mack has not yet run for public office again, but in 1939 he was a candidate for the presidency of the National Republican Club. It was the liveliest



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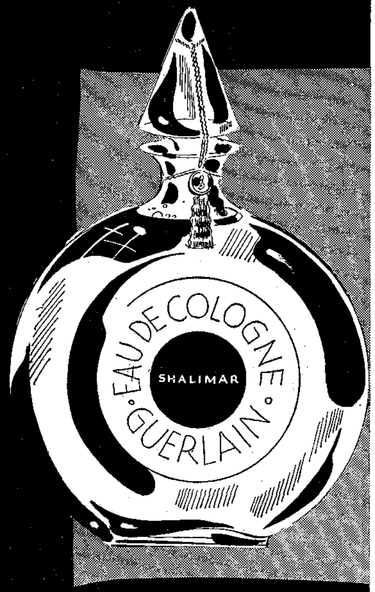

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election campaign ever waged within that stately institution. Two factions were tilting for power, a pro-Simpson group and a pro-Hoover one. Despite the fact that Mack had earlier been endorsed by Coolidge, he was considered by the Hoover forces to be dangerously radical. He was defeated by forty-one votes (about five hundred votes were cast), but he helped to swell the club's treasury, inasmuch as some fifty non-resident members who had been in arrears paid up their annual dues of thirty dollars so that they could cast their ballots against him. The following year, he was a delegate from New York to the Republican National Convention. He was a Willkie man, and made a minor contribution to political history by insisting, during the third of six ballots on the Presidential nomination, that he and his fellow-members of the New York delegation be individually polled. He had a hunch that a few whose constituents were pro-Willkie had been furtively voting for somebody else. Mack's demand that they speak up led to Willkie's gaining fourteen New York votes and Dewey's losing four, and the Willkie forces, given a lift by this change of sentiment, surged ahead, for the first time in the race, on the next ballot. Mack has not been a delegate to any subsequent convention, but in 1948 he was co-chairman of a local citizens' committee for Dewey and Warren, and that same year scored a minor political triumph by having nearly thirty thousand bottles of Pepsi-Cola distributed at the Republican Convention headquarters in Philadelphia.

Soon after Mack's unrewarding assault upon the State Senate, he joined the Phoenix Securities Corporation. As a result of the depression, there was no shortage of decrepit corporations it could buy into and, by sprucing up the management or providing new capital, or both, improve the financial standing of. By 1936, Phoenix had acquired an influential interest in organizations worth more than $65,000,000, among them United Cigar-Whelan Stores (a $22,800,000 outfit), Certain-Teed Products ($21,400,000), the Autocar Company ($9,000,000), the Celotex Corporation ($7,300,000), the South Coast Corporation ($6,100,000), Consolidated Motor Lines ($800,000), the National Brass & Copper Co. ($711,000), and the Schroon River Pulp & Paper Co. ($500,000). The Phoenix pattern, once enough stock of a company had been purchased, was to put Mack on its board. Then he

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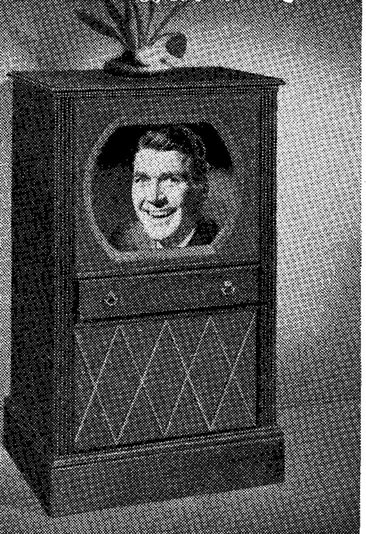

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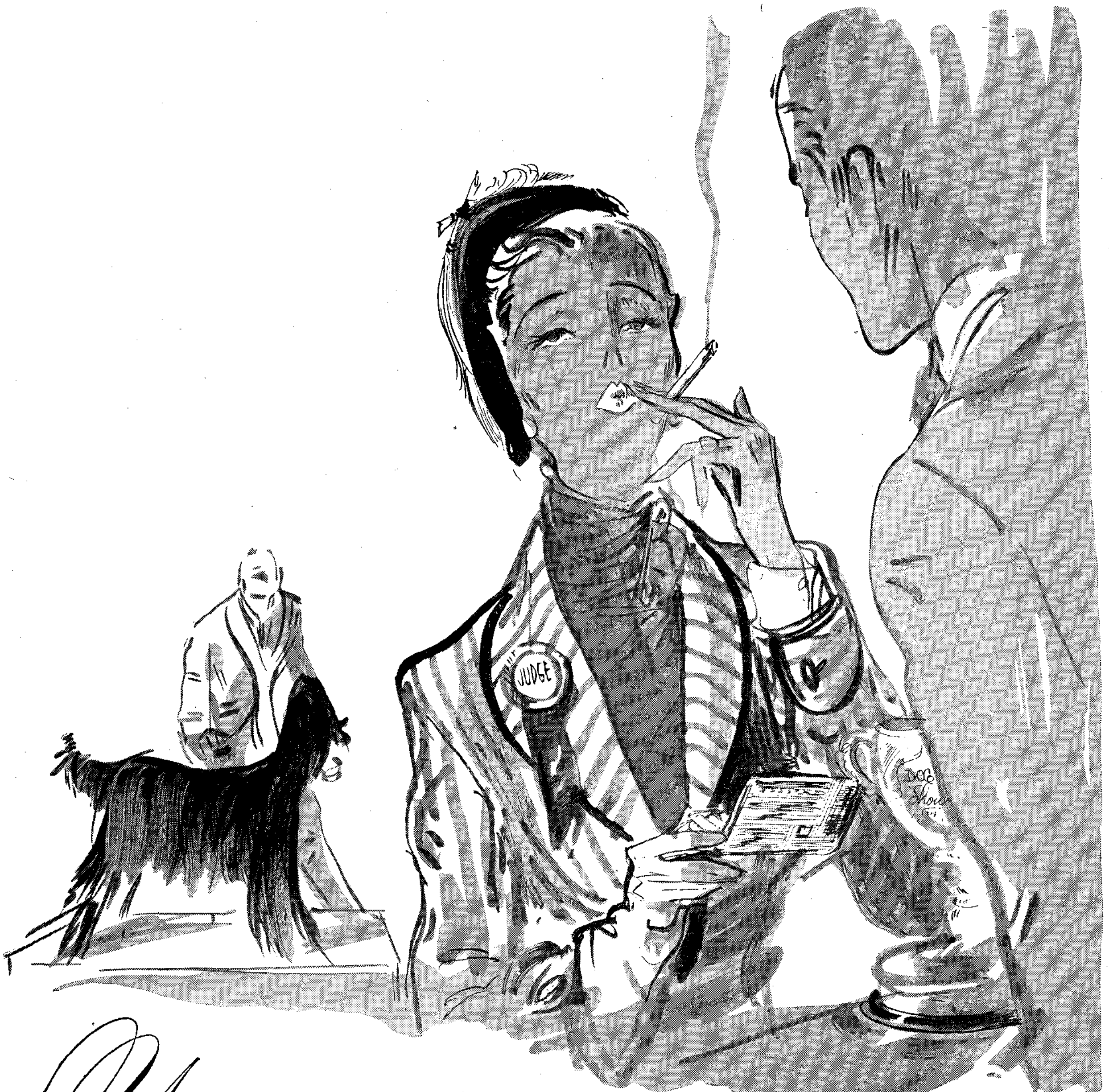

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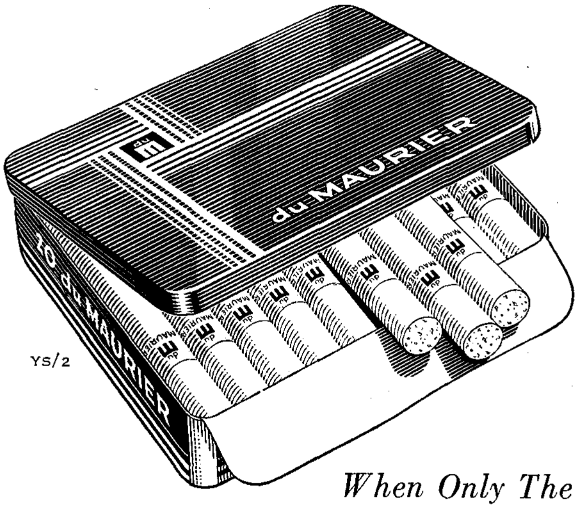

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would reorganize the firm. In the case of United Cigars-Whelan, he decided that there should be less emphasis on tobacco products and more on drugs, an idea that worked out handsomely; in the case of Autocar, a truck-manufacturing concern, he had its products made roomier and more maneuverable; in still another case, diagnosing a company's chief drawback as acute nepotism, he had a slew of nephews and cousins dropped from its payroll, and almost instantly it began to prosper. Mack's principal partner in all these operations was a shrewd and facile Wall Street man named Wallace Groves, who, after Mack had decided to devote himself wholly to Pepsi-Cola, devoted himself to some financial hocus-pocus that resulted in his being convicted of mail fraud in 1941 and sent to a federal prison. Not long after this awkward turn of events, Phoenix was dissolved, and Mack has never had anything more to do with the investment business.

IN the soft-drink world, the standard retail price of a bottle has traditionally been a nickel, but, that circumstance notwithstanding, Pepsi-Cola, at the time Mack took over the company, had the reputation of being a poor man's drink. It had been dowdily put up in second-hand beer bottles; these cost the company's regional bottlers only a trifle more than a penny apiece, and they got a two-cent deposit on every bottle they sold, which meant that they made a nice profit on the unreturned containers alone. The drink had not been widely or fancily advertised, aside from a little skywriting the Guth regime had gone in for. It had been sold principally in shabby stores in shabby neighborhoods, where the fact that a nickel would buy twelve ounces of it, as against six ounces of Coca-Cola, made it attractive. It didn't take long for Mack's penchant for improvement to become manifest. He had an elegant new bottle with a baked-in label—it cost his bottlers, to the dismay of many of them, almost four cents—created by J. Gordon Carr, among whose exploits was the designing of the interior of Tiffany's. Mack transferred his headquarters from Long Island City to genteel offices on Fifty-seventh Street just east of Fifth Avenue, and there, conforming to a neighborhood custom, he put on one-man shows in a corner of his premises that he named the Pepsi-Cola Opportunity-Art Gallery. He attempted to give Pepsi-Cola stature in dietetic circles by effecting an advertising tieup with a chain of reducing salons; to make it socially ac-

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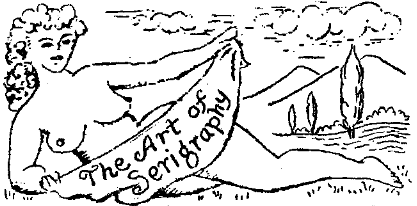

SERIGRAPH GALLERIES • 38 W. 57

ceptable by persuading the wife of the president of the New York Horse Show to pose for a picture, in riding habit, holding her mount's bridle in one hand and a bottle of Pepsi-Cola in the other; and to prove that it was a socially conscious beverage by employing several Negro executives and advertising in the Negro press, not to mention hiring Quentin Reynolds, at two thousand dollars a week, to conduct a progressive and provocative program of news commentary once a week over the Mutual Network. (Mack got a lot of complaints about Reynolds from people who thought he was too critical of the National Association of Manufacturers, and Pepsi-Cola dropped the show after thirteen weeks, though *Variety* had called it "a real boost in the jabber category." To be sure, *Variety* had also said that the "closing plug for the big nickel-nickel 12-oz. bottle was a little too pat in tying in with the democratic process.") To disabuse potential customers of any suspicion that Pepsi-Cola's sole merit was quantitative, Mack began to stress the theme, at present repeated endlessly in the celebrated Pepsi-Cola jingle, that he was offering a commodity that was not only twice the size of a bottle of Coca-Cola but better, too. The current Pepsi-Cola slogan, "More Bounce to the Ounce," is not, as some admirers of Mack's prodigious energy have thought, a reference to himself; it is simply his estimate of the relative merits of Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola.

Mack's ambition has long been to persuade everybody in the world to drink Pepsi-Cola. Some of the publicity schemes that he has sponsored have, in fact, indicated that he does not believe the enjoyment of Pepsi-Cola should necessarily be confined to human beings. The company has proudly displayed photographs of its product being consumed, apparently with relish, by horses, dogs, goats, elephants, and monkeys. Even insects seem to like it; *Life*, a few years back, published a letter reporting that a practical joker had filled an insecticide sprayer with Pepsi-Cola instead of DDT and that flies had thrived on it. Mack has never made a sustained effort to get bugs or beasts to go for his drink, but he has tried hard to curry favor with special classes of mankind. To arouse interest among sportsmen, he engaged a former member of the Irish Davis Cup team to tour the country as a Pepsi-Cola good-will ambassador; one photograph of the tennis player, taken at the end of an exhibition match, showed him brandish-

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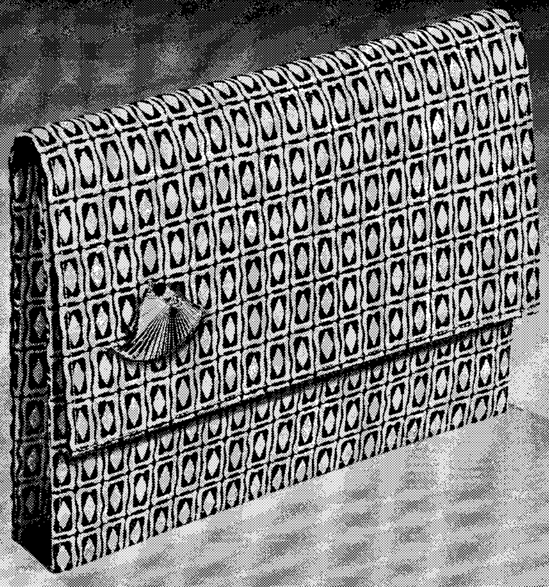

From a Selection of Summer Handbags
Very smart imported black and white French fabric lined with black calfskin, removable gold clip, $150... Cartier's exclusive selection of bags for day and evening wear starts from $85... Prices include Federal Tax.
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"PERFECT! SEE IT!"—Garland, Jour.-Amer.
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name
by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Air-Cond. PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44 St. W. of B'way • Air-Cond.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

"Carol Channing's Lorelei Lee is the most fabulous comic creation of this generation."
—BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Smash Musical Comedy Hit!
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
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SAINT SUBBER & LEMUEL AYERS present
ANNE JEFFREYS KEITH ANDES
in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Production staged by JOHN C. WILSON
Evgs. $6., 4.80, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Including Tax)
MAIL ORDERS NOW
Century Theatre, 7th Ave. & 59th St. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.
BEAUTIFULLY AIR-CONDITIONED

ing a bottle of Pepsi-Cola as he vaulted the net toward his opponent, who was equipped with only a racket. Mack had Pepsi-Cola certified as kosher by the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America. He has tried earnestly to appeal to American youth. Since 1940, his company has been a party to innumerable fashion shows in stores and schools at which the refreshments are free. These shows are put on for what Pepsi-Cola officials like to think is now commonly known as "the Pepsi crowd." The age limits of this group are not definite, but a famous artist who was commissioned by Mack to do a series of Pepsi-crowd cartoons was informed that some characters he had drawn, aged about five, were too young to be Pepsi-Cola addicts. The artist, whose own children were even younger and were inclined to take an occasional nip of their daddy's Martini, went into a towering fit of temperament and next submitted a set of drawings of wrinkled nonagenarians hunched over their Pepsis. Mack generally insists on seeing promotional matter before the public does, and when he examined those sketches, he said he didn't like them. "The kids seem too old now," he is said to have remarked. "Hell, if I could draw, I could draw better than that."

Since Pepsi-Cola's budget for advertising and promotion, while always an ample one—this year it is a five-million-dollar item—does have limits, Mack has been anxious to get the drink free plugs. For a while, Pepsi-Cola worked hard on the movie magazines, and in them presently were visible a host of obliging actors and actresses ardently clutching Pepsi-Colas. (*Modern Screen* ran a picture of Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan on a Pepsi binge, commenting that they preferred drinking Pepsi-Cola together to making cinematic love together.) Mack and his henchmen also cast a covetous eye upon the magazines that publish fiction; they informed any fiction writers they could corner that it was just as easy, whenever one of their characters got thirsty, to have him drink Pepsi-Cola as a nameless liquid. The devisers of this idea were immensely pleased with such theoretical results as "He had a bottle of rye and a bottle of Pepsi-Cola on a small table beside him, and he mixed a drink without taking his feet from the bed" (*Strange Detective*) and "He nodded gravely, downed a glass of Pepsi-Cola, and dried his mustache with a brusk fist" (*The Spider*). The most satisfying result of this campaign was the appear-

Write Now..
It's time to make Summer reservations for America's Outstanding Comedy Hit!
"Mister Roberts"
NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring HENRY FONDA
with PAUL STEWART
WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
BOSTON • COLONIAL THEATRE
starring JOHN FORSYTHE
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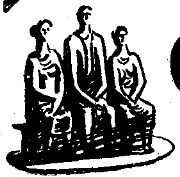
"One of the most absorbing plays of the season."
—ATKINSON, Times

HELEN HAYES
in
the WISTERIA TREES
with KENT SMITH • WALTER ABEL • PEGGY CONKLIN
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 308 W. 45 St.
Air-Conditioned. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
for YEAR'S BEST MUSICAL!

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by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI
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Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, W. 47 St.
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RALPH BELLAMY in "DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit Play (Air-Cond.)
Evenings $4.80 to 1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday $3.00 to 1.20. Tax Included.
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say Chapman, Watts and Garland:
"A MASTERPIECE"
HENRY DANIELL • CATHLEEN NESBITT • HUGH WILLIAMS
The Cocktail Party
by T. S. Eliot
with EILEEN PEEL • MARGARET PHILLIPS
Henry Miller's Theatre, W. 43. Evs. 8:35. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MICHAEL TODD'S
PEEP SHOW

Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Comedy Directed by
BOBBY CLARK
with a
CAST OF 100
including "A NUMBER OF COMELY YOUNG LADIES"
"A smash hit! Big, Beautiful, Breezy and Brash Extravaganza."
—ROBERT COLEMAN, Mirror
AIR-CONDITIONED
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N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD for YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
Robert Whitehead, Oliver Rea & Stanley Martineau present
ETHEL WATERS in
the Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
Air-Cond. EMPIRE, B'y & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
SHIRLEY BOOTH WALLACE FORD
in
Come Back, Little Sheba
by WILLIAM INGE
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Setting and Lighting by HOWARD BAY
Costumes by LUCILLE LITTLE
(Air-Conditioned)
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45 Street, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"PRICELESS" —ATKINSON "WONDROUS" —BARNES "ENCHANTING" —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
IMPERIAL, 249 W. 45th St., N.Y. 19. Air-Cond.
Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Sun.

RAY BOLGER
IN THE MUSICAL LAUGH HIT
"Where's Charley?"
ST. JAMES THEA. 44 St. W. of B'way Mats. Wed. & Sat.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR..."
JAMES WHITMORE • NANCY DAVIS
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
•
THE MUSIC HALL'S GALA TWO-PART HOLIDAY STAGE SHOW

ance in the September, 1943, issue of *Romance* of a short story entitled "Love Comes on Wings," in which Pepsi-Cola was part of the plot. A dashing, handsome aviator risked his life by flying across the Andes in terrible weather to fetch a case of the stuff, packed in dry ice, for a girl who had expressed a hankering for it, and who, after he delivered the goods, naturally married him. One torrid love scene went as follows:

> He sat down beside her. "Gosh what wouldn't I give for an ice-cold pepsi-cola! Oh sure, I know the boat's got to have space for the really important rations they bring us. But on a night like this, I keep thinking about foolish things."
>
> His dark glance gave a different meaning to his last six words. Karen said hastily, "Why on earth did you *have* to mention pepsi-cola? Haven't you any pity?"
>
> Chris straightened. Casually lighting a cigarette, he drawled, "Do you really mean you'd like one, too?"
>
> "As if you don't know! A nice tall glass, so high." She measured with her fingers. Of course this was pretty silly conversation, but it was safer!

Although the editors of *Romance* neglected to capitalize "Pepsi-Cola," Mack's legal staff, in view of their unusually coöperative attitude, magnanimously refrained from writing them a threatening letter.

THE war years were especially stimulating for Mack. Not only did Pepsi-Cola embark on several ventures calculated to brighten the lives of service men and women, like sending a troupe of wrestlers to perform in Army camps, but he had quite a few weighty administrative problems to wrestle with himself. The mightiest of these was sugar rationing. Mack made two bold attempts to increase Pepsi-Cola's wartime stock of sugar. In 1943, he arranged for the company to buy a three-million-dollar sugar plantation in Cuba, a tract of land that had thirty thousand inhabitants and a potential yearly output of more than a hundred thousand tons. Unfortunately, the company was unable to use any of it until the spring of 1947; up to then, it was obliged to hand over the entire crop to the Cuban government, which had imposed wartime and post-wartime restrictions of its own. The investment turned out to be a fruitful one, though; Pepsi-Cola sold the plantation last February at a three-million-dollar profit. Meanwhile, Mack had made a deal with an association of Mexican sugar producers, a quasi-governmental agency, committing his company to buy, at slightly above the market

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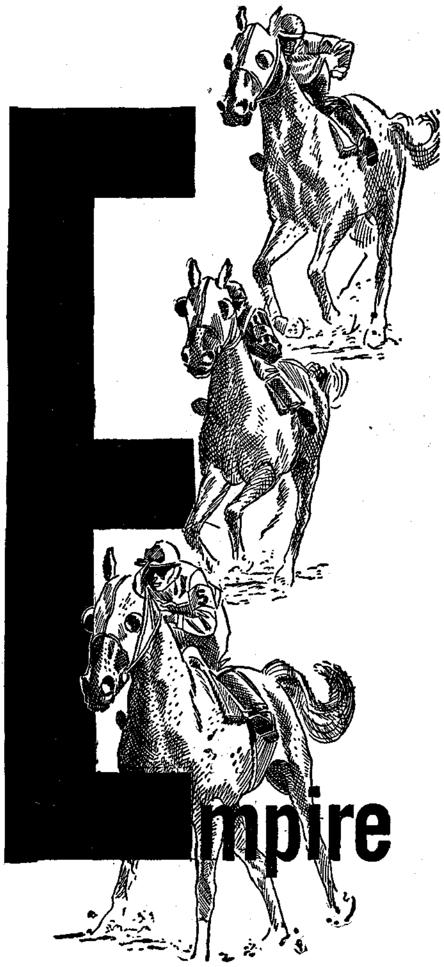
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EMPIRE's popular Summer Meeting continues at convenient JAMAICA. Come out for an exciting afternoon of racing—and for these important EMPIRE Stakes!

Saturday, July 8
THE QUESTIONNAIRE HANDICAP
$25,000 added

Wednesday, July 12
THE EAST VIEW STAKES
$25,000 added

Saturday, July 15
THE BUTLER
$50,000 added

SPECIAL TRAINS: direct to track leave Penn. Station from 11:00 A.M. (Sats. 10:45 A.M.) and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, from 10:25 A.M.

First Race 1:15 P.M.
Daily Double Closes 12:55 P.M.
General Admission $1.60 Tax Included

Children Not Admitted

price, that country's whole surplus of sugar for three years, at a cost of fifteen million dollars. Mexico forbade the export of sugar to the United States, but Mack got around that by building a factory in Monterrey and there converting the sugar into syrup, which was not covered by any export law. When he found that there weren't enough barrels in Mexico to ship his syrup in, he bought an oak forest there and built a barrel factory. It was presently hinted in some suspicious circles that Pepsi-Cola seemed to be unpatriotically evading sugar rationing, but Mack was not ruffled by such nasty allegations. "I saw no reason why the American people shouldn't get the extra sweetening, even if they had to get it in Pepsi-Cola," he says today. Until 1944 he imported the syrup with the approval of a number of government agencies, including the O.P.A. Then the O.P.A. changed its mind and asked Mack to stop. He did, and later, to show that there were no hard feelings—not to mention the fact that he was still somewhat to the left of most of his fellow-Republicans—he dispatched a skywriting plane to Washington while Congress was debating whether the O.P.A. should be allowed to keep functioning, and had it spell out "SAVE PRICE CONTROL."

Even since the end of the war, Pepsi-Cola's road, and Mack's, has been anything but smooth. Costs of materials, labor, and transportation have risen, as in other industries, but soft-drink prices, by and large, haven't. This state of affairs hasn't been frightfully disturbing to the Coca-Cola Company, which does an annual business of a quarter of a billion dollars and can get by with a tiny margin of profit per unit, but Pepsi-Cola, which grosses only one-fifth as much and uses a bottle that costs considerably more to fill than a bottle of Coca-Cola, has been compelled to raise its price, and in the last couple of years has paid the smallest dividends since Mack took over. In 1947, its dividend was ninety-five cents a share; in 1948, forty-two and a half cents; in 1949, only twenty cents. Mack has persistently claimed not to be distressed by all this; he has said, when asked to explain these diminishing returns, that his company was going through a period of adjustment. It went through a big adjustment when, a few months ago, Mack was promoted by his stockholders, without his having too much to say about it, from president to chairman of the board. The company's operations for the first quarter of 1950 indicated that its downward trend hadn't been

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arrested; it lost a hundred thousand dollars in that period. It is now trying out a number of plans to increase its sales and profits. One of the latest is the distribution of Pepsi-Cola in tin cans, a method of packaging unprecedented in the soft-drink field and initiated by Mack while he was still president. Pepsi-Cola has, furthermore, been pushing its sales hard abroad. Fifty-six Pepsi-Cola bottling plants have opened outside the United States since 1945, and Mack and his associates have been delighted by such by-products of their success as the news that horses named Pepsi-Cola have won races in Panama City, Tokyo (where a young-lady elevator operator in the Hotel Daiichi is reported to say "Pepsi-Cola" to her American passengers, thinking it means "Good morning"), in Manila (where Pepsi-Cola is outselling all other soft drinks), and in Alexandria, Egypt (in Cairo, more than twenty million bottles of Pepsi-Cola were sold in the first nine months of operations). A friend who had not seen Mack since his Phoenix days recently ran into him and asked him how, as a man who had once sat behind an austere Wall Street desk, he felt about being a soft-drink king. "I feel great," said Mack. "I've got into a lot of mischief, but I've loved this job. I've had a wonderful time."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Mack.*)

•

EAST IS EAST DEPARTMENT
(TWAIN SHALL MEET WITH A BUMP DIVISION)

[*Letter received by the M. Simons & Son Co.*]

THE DIVINE LIFE SOCIETY
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9-3-1950

The M. Simons and Son Co.
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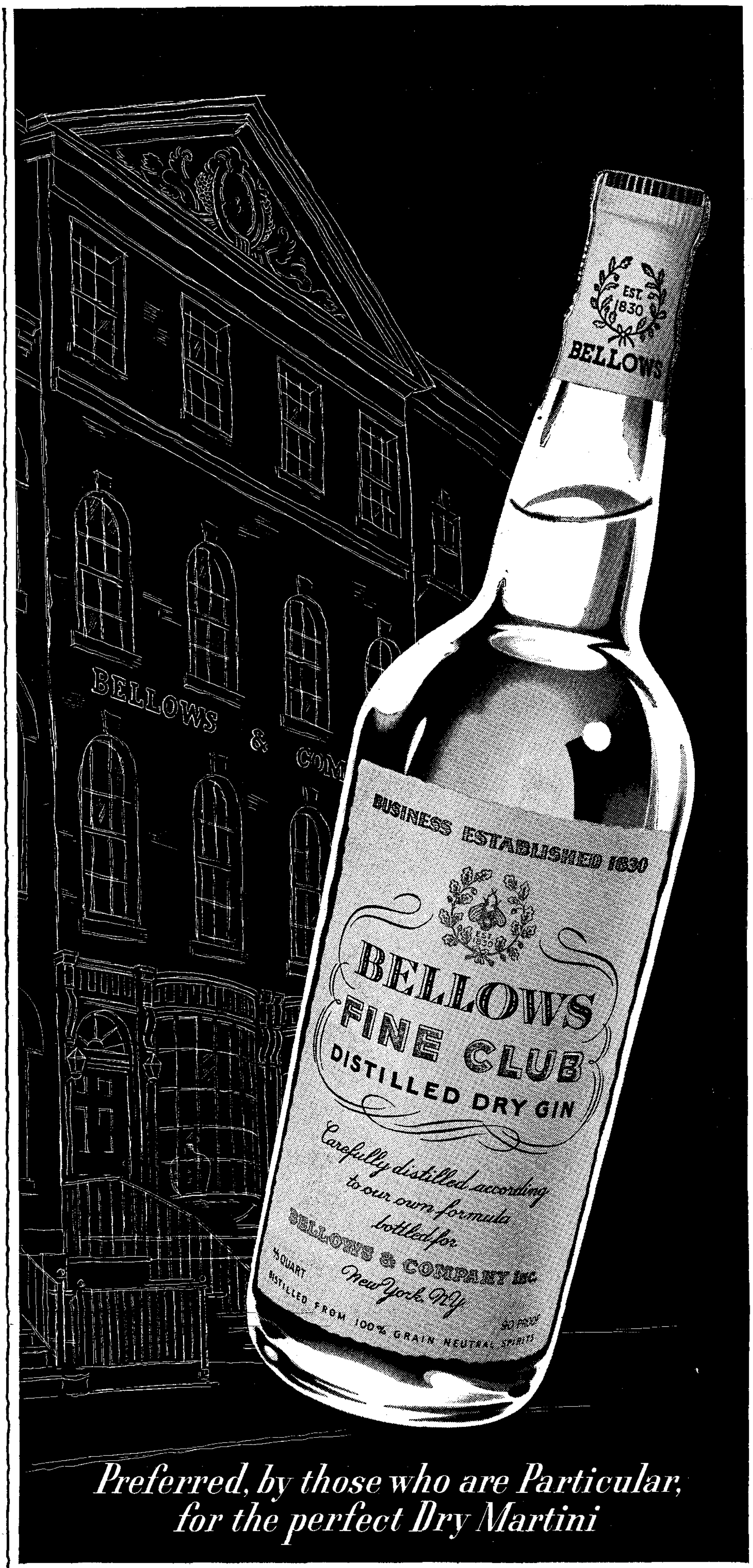
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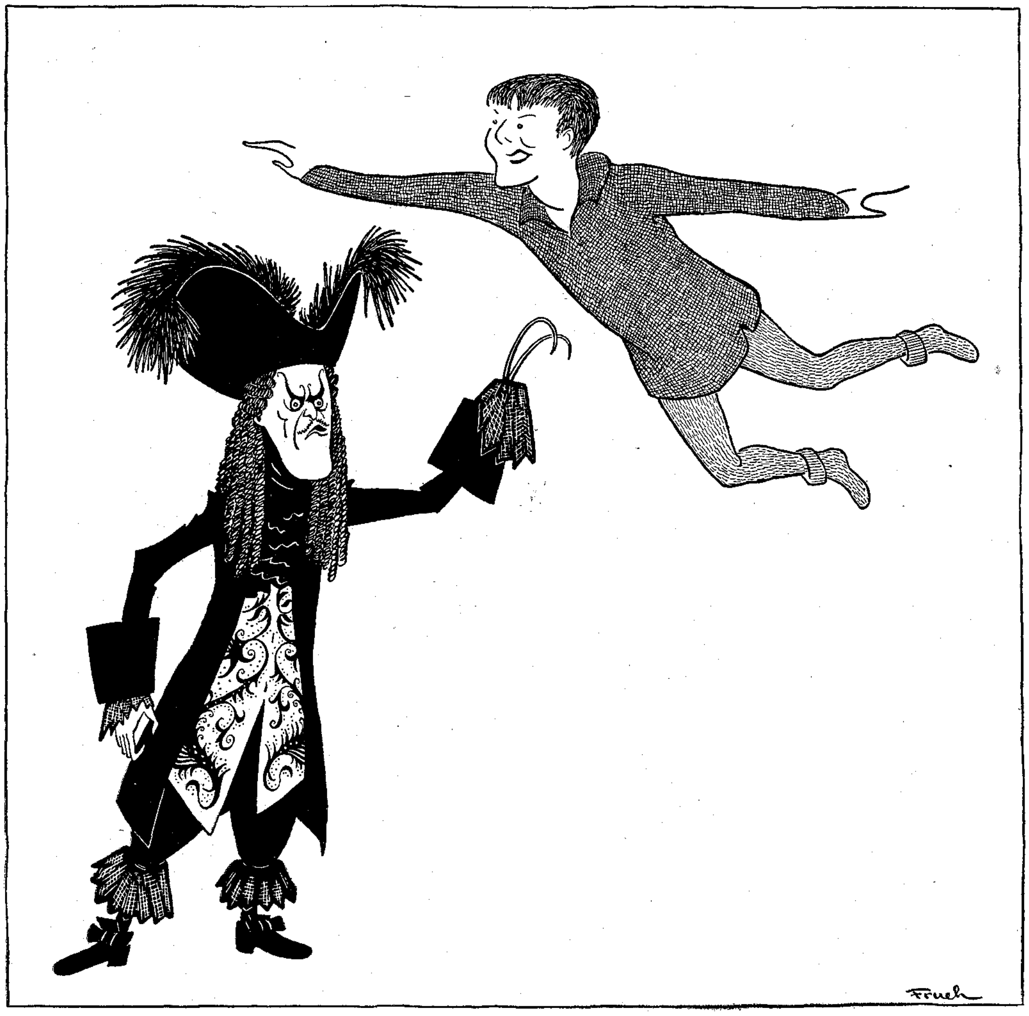
THE THEATRE

BACK TO MINSKY

At the outset of "Michael Todd's Peep Show," four young women, neatly and respectably dressed, appear in one of the aisles and sing a little song welcoming the customers to the Winter Garden. There are one or two other times when the ladies in Mr. Todd's latest contribution to the drama show up with a few clothes on, but for the most part the accent is on nudity. I don't think it is quite strong enough to interest the police, but it is still a considerable step forward in the art of public disrobing. The strange thing is that while the girls are more agreeably constructed than most, the whole exhibit isn't much more stirring than an anatomy class and it is a great deal less stirring than a scene on a beach. This, I guess, is partly because the costumes, contrived by Irene Sharaff, while rich and unusual, are also moderately comic, being essentially parodies of the effects once produced by Earl Carroll for a generation perhaps more easily stunned by prodigies of vulgarity. Sometimes Miss Sharaff achieves her purpose with three strategically placed clusters of rhinestones, a wisp of tulle, and a precious stone glistening in the navel; once, it occurs to her that it might be amusing to disguise the girls as cats, at least from the neck up; and, again, she presents them in what seems to be nothing at all, though this illusion is somewhat weakened by sundry wrinkles and sags in the pinkish material that is intended to approximate the warm and rosy flesh. Another thing that may operate against Mr. Todd's ambition to arouse his patrons is the fact that sex, under his administration, is rather too frank, explicit, and gymnastic to be very alluring to a jaded metropolitan eye. The postures and gyrations borrowed from burlesque might easily seem almost unbearably stimulating to a sailor back from a voyage to the Philippines or to a freshman newly escaped from Yale, but to a man of middle years and tempered passions the sight of some thirty young women in a state of violent and desperately suggestive physical activity may just be exhausting. Speaking for myself, I can only say that by the time Mr. Todd had reached his majestic climax, an enormous bubble bath in which his gifted employees writhed and splashed and squealed with childish delight, I could imagine nothing that would inflame me quite so much as a girl in a long white dress, walking, in the evening, through a quiet garden.



"PETER PAN"

The fearsome figure on the left here is Boris Karloff, as Captain Hook, in the revival of J. M. Barrie's fantasy at the Imperial. In flight above his head is Jean Arthur, as the boy who wouldn't grow up.

With the exception of a nice maniacal sketch demonstrating what effect the introduction of a crew of paperhangers might have had on "The Cocktail Party," and a magnificent and earsplitting rendition of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" on a bass drum, the humor in Mr. Todd's show also comes straight from burlesque. The comics, bearing such jocular nicknames as Bozo, Peanuts, Spike, and Gabby, belabor one another with bladders, squirt one another with siphons, and produce jokes that are not very funny even considered as parodies of jokes, if that is clear; moths fly out of pocketbooks, hats fly off heads, pants fly loose from their moorings, the ghost of comedy flies out of the window, mewing like a gull. Beyond these pleasures, the management has provided a ventriloquist, probably no more exasperating than most of his species; an interlude full of tinkling bells and travel-folder scenery, for which the King of

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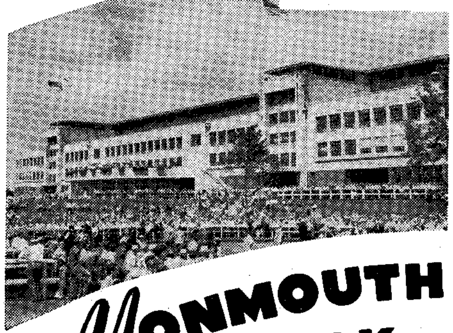

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Thailand has contributed some negligible music; a dream, or nightmare, called "Violins from Nowhere," which struck me as a miracle of absurdity and bad taste; and a couple of jugglers, the Peiro Brothers, who may well be the most adroit and engaging pair in that usually forbidding business.

The music, in addition to that furnished by the King, is undoubtedly suitable for Mr. Todd's rather primitive requirements; the quality of the lyrics may perhaps be judged by the key lines of two of them—"You've never been loved until you've been loved below the border" and "We've got what they want, and they want what we've got;" the dancing, on the few occasions when it breaks free from its preoccupation with the Bump and the Grind, is professional, if not inspired; the scenery, by Howard Bay, is infinitely superior to anything that takes place against it; the cast contains, in a lively, pretty girl named Lina Romay, a possible candidate for much higher things; and the abysmal sketches were directed by Bobby Clark, who nevertheless remains, in my opinion, about the most gifted comedian alive.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

SAVAGE

Back in the primitive past,
I had a grape in my mouth,
She had a flower in hers.
It was deep in the dulcet south.

Now she has seeds in her hand,
I have a rake in mine,
Gathering twigs that are oak,
Dreaming of leaves that are vine.

Our Paradise had a snake,
Who appeared in the grass and was
  gone,
Or, rather, turned into a hose
For sprinkling the garden lawn.

When once its innocuous hiss
Was plaguing the Protestant night,
I took an impromptu kiss
From a damsel who strayed into sight.

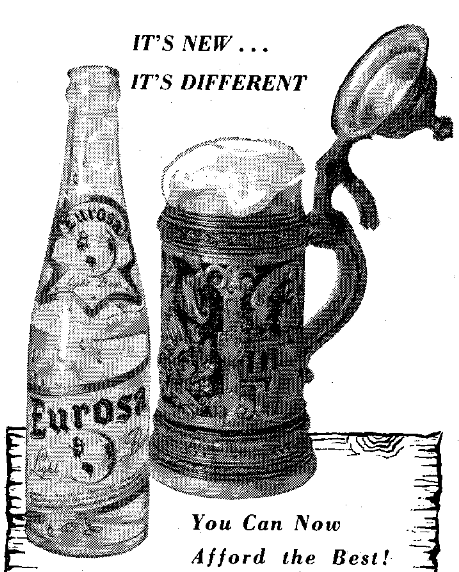
Then I knew that the primitive man
Is something you cannot subdue
From my sudden corroborative pang
When the neighbors protested
  "Taboo!"

—PETER DE VRIES

•

Al Simmons observed his forty-eighth birthday today in Duranceville. He received word of his indefinite suspension by President Will Harridge of the American League.—*The Times.*

Biggest little city in the U.S.A., Duranceville.



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OF ALL THINGS

BECAUSE of the situation in Korea, our newspapers have made some changes in their cast of characters. Until further notice, we may expect to read much more about MacArthur and much less about McCarthy.

•

In the first hours of the crisis, politics vanished from Capitol Hill, but only for a short time. Before long, Senator Taft was standing firmly behind the President and delivering some swift kicks.

•

The House bill to reduce excise levies may have difficulty passing the Senate in these troubled times. Some pessimists say we'll be lucky if taxes are not cut up instead of down.

•

Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the Mint, is mystified by a pronounced falling off in the public's demand for coins. A possible explanation is that so few of our hearts' desires can now be obtained for less than a dollar bill.

•

Secretary Tobin declares that wise government policies have fixed things up so that the United States can never have another major depression. This is the best news we have heard since President Hoover abolished poverty.

•

People who have been complaining about the high price of coffee should discontinue this practice. It accomplishes nothing and it hurts the feelings of our good neighbors in South America.

•

The two-hundred-inch telescope at Mount Palomar has revealed the explosion of a star three hundred quintillion miles away. This terrible thing happened fifty million years ago, so nobody can blame it on Secretary Acheson.

•

A number of restaurant managers believe that the decline in their dinner trade is partly due to television. People stay at home either to look at the pictures or to save money to pay for the set.

•

Governor Dewey denies published reports that he called New York judges unduly alcoholic. "It's a tempest in a teapot," he says, reaching for a metaphor. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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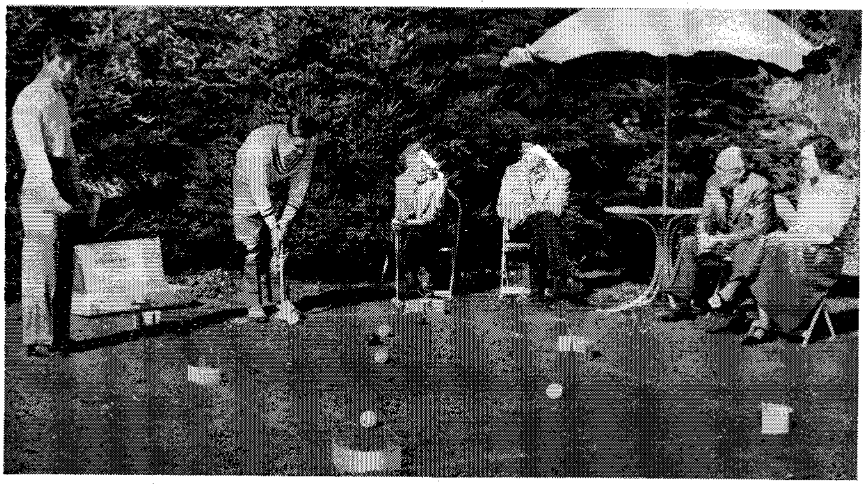

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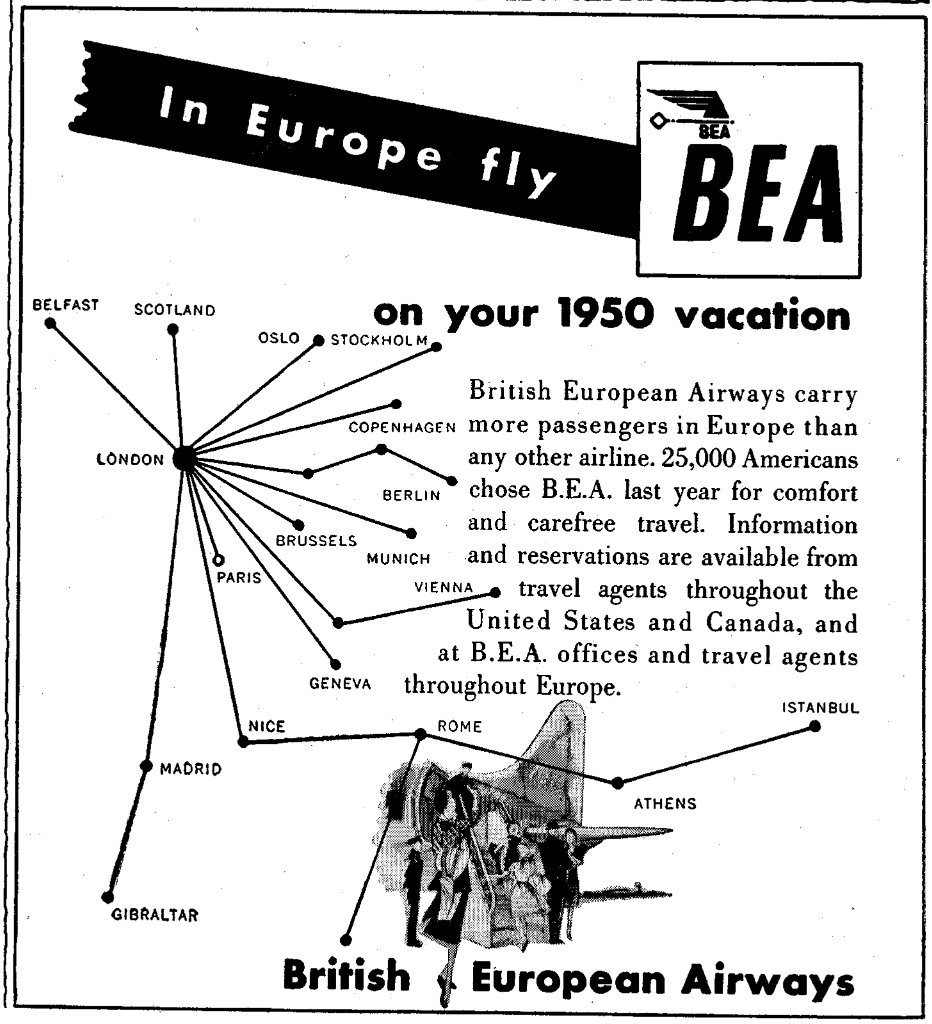

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THE RACE TRACK

Track Fast

WHAT makes horses run so fast at Golden Gate Fields is a subject much discussed in racing circles, but I waited until the meeting was over to bring it up because world's records were being broken so frequently out there. In case you haven't kept tab, I'll list them: On May 27th, a horse named Bolero ran six furlongs in 1:08⅕; on June 3rd, Citation did a mile in 1:33⅗; on June 17th, Noor ran a mile and a furlong in 1:46⅘, and a week later he did a mile and a quarter in 1:58⅕. No doubt the track's (and also the world's) mark of 1:41 for a mile and a sixteenth, set by Count Speed several years ago, would have been bettered, too, if Citation or Noor had had a go at the distance.

There has, naturally, been talk among horsemen about the furlong poles at Golden Gate being closer together than they should be, especially since almost every afternoon third-class animals were clocked in first-class times. Sorry to spoil a good story, but I'm told that no other track in the country has been surveyed as often, and that no matter how the experts measured it, it came out exactly a mile around every time. Well, for all I know, the California climate may have something to do with this upsurge of speed. But there is a larger school of thought that holds that the track is built on old bedsprings, rubber tires, and similar things.

It is the opinion of the management that the fast times are due to the combination of an unusual foundation and sound engineering. As you probably know, Golden Gate Fields is at the water's edge on San Francisco Bay. In fact, according to an informant who has been doing geological research for this department, it floats, so to speak, on a foundation of blue mud. One of the notable properties of this blue mud is that it gives an exceptional springiness to ground surfaces above it. When the racecourse was new, though, parts of it were so soft that a giraffe could sink in up to his ears without half trying. Indeed, during the hard rains of 1941, the stretch turn was washed away. The course record for six furlongs that year was 1:17⅕. The whole track was dug up after the war and rebuilt. First off,

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the road builders doing the work laid a foundation of rock and topped it with a two-foot layer of broken granite, well rolled. Then they put on six inches of the same kind of sandy loam used on the popular training track at nearby Pleasanton, and, finally, a six-inch cushion of sand and silt from a river bed in the mountains. All of which seems to have produced a racing strip with an innerspring bounce. The shape of the course, a narrow oval with long stretches and well-banked turns, helps, too. Horse watchers insist that runners don't slow down at the turns but pick up speed—a trick we used to see at the six-day bicycle races. Unlike all the other fast tracks you ever heard of, Golden Gate Fields is easy on the legs of racers. It is said that Jimmy Jones, who had Citation out there, once remarked that when horses ran over the track, they sounded as though they had pillows on their feet.

THIS is probably as good a spot as any to mention the two-year-olds racing at Aqueduct. After all, we haven't seen many good two-year-olds so far. George Widener has a couple of successful ones—Sungari, who won the Astoria Stakes earlier in the meeting, and Battlefield, who won the Tremont and, the other afternoon, just missed winning the Great American Stakes. Because of his previous victories, Battlefield, a big, fine-looking colt, carried a hundred and twenty-six pounds in the Great American, and he wasn't up to giving nine pounds to Silver Wings, a small gray colt belonging to Maine Chance Farm. Silver Wings led all the way. The reason we haven't seen more of the two-year-olds the larger stables fancy is that those who haven't the sniffles have sore shins.

THERE isn't much to be said about the first appearance this season of Bed o' Roses, last year's best two-year-old filly, except that she contrived to make a rather slow race quite exciting and won by just over a length. She's such a little thing—offhand, I'd say she hasn't grown a bit the past year—that she's bound to be at a disadvantage. Personally, I'll string along with her stablemate Next Move.

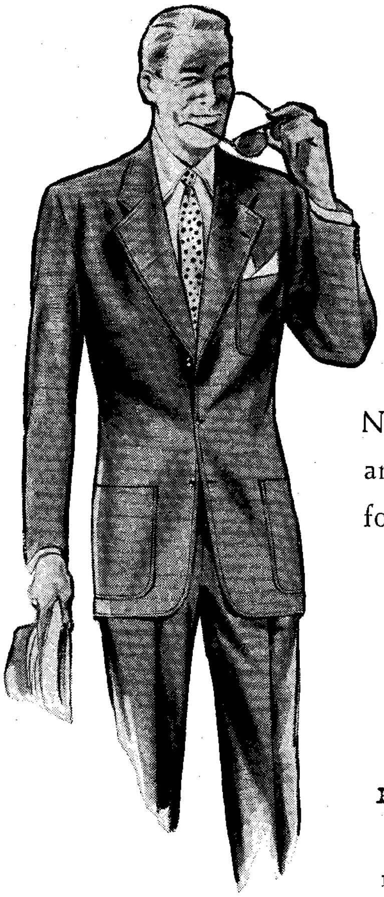
—AUDAX MINOR

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From Variety*]

It ["The Passion Play"] is no "South Pacific," for sheer entertainment.



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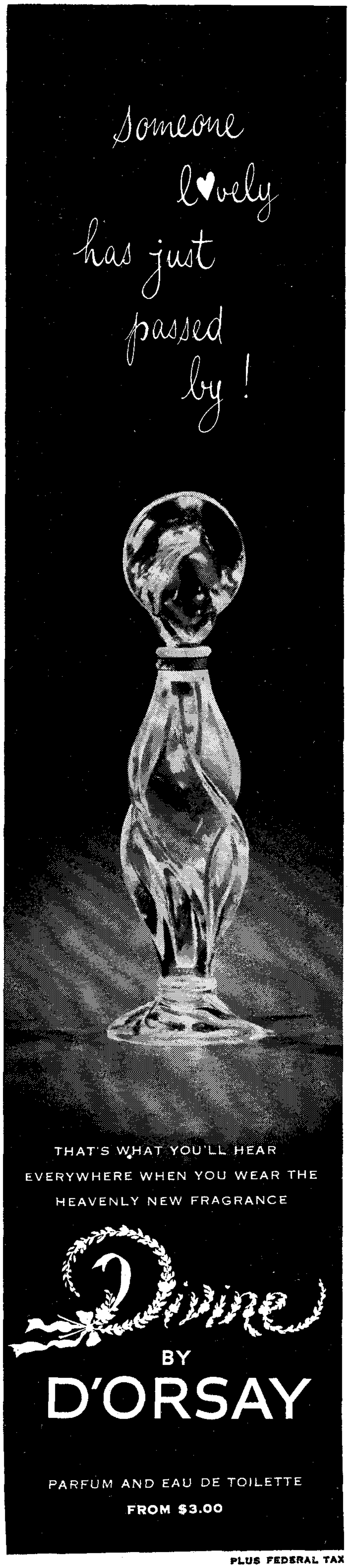

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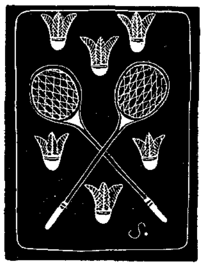
If you live in the country, you live among animals, most of whom are obviously out to do you in. This is true even if you don't count insects as animals, which it would be absurd not to do. Some of the black ants I brought into the house in the spring, along with the remnants of the winter's wood, were large and ferocious enough to rank as animals and certainly considered themselves animals. When the cats bit them, they bit back, which surprised the cats, used as they are to more docile prey.

But ants are not, of course, a hazard peculiar to year-around country life. One can have ants even in the city, and my wife and I used to have them when our headquarters was an apartment near Washington Square, instead of a house in northern Westchester County. And when we spent summers in a cabin near Brewster, we got to know woodchucks and rabbits and skunks fairly intimately, along with weekending dogs and cats, and some cats and dogs who were native. Animals were occasionally a problem to us then, but they are a more acute problem to us now. In the old days, we merely visited among them; now we, too, are residents. The trespasses they commit and the problems they lay on the flagstones of our terrace are really ours to cope with. We don't plan to go away, and neither do they.

Living in what seems to amount to a deer preserve makes a difference, too, of course. Encountering a deer near Brewster was always an event; I can still remember the delight and surprise a friend of mine and I felt one autumn afternoon when, walking home along a not much frequented road, we practically walked into a fine buck. We saw him before he saw us, which a little disillusioned us about deer, and stopped to watch him for almost a minute before, apparently growing uneasy at being stared at, he turned white tail and went off in magnificent bounds. No doubt I remember that scene so vividly—in part, at least—because it was unusual to see deer in Putnam County.



Where my wife and I are now, it is a little unusual *not* to see deer and to worry about what they are going to do to our garden when they get around to it. Last year, the resident herd ate, among other things, all of a neighbor's carnations, which was in a pleasant way idyllic, but also pretty annoying to the neighbor. They haven't yet got to our vegetable garden, but I'm sure they will when they run out of flowers. All winter they were in and out of the field in which the garden now is, looking beautiful and full of grace and also, it seemed to me, uncommonly hungry. Deer are very visible in the winter and don't seem to care at all; one crisp afternoon three does spent half an hour playing less than a hundred yards from the house. They jumped around and chased one another in the beautiful, gawky way deer have, and were almost, if not quite, as delightful to watch as three playing kittens would have been.

The deer seemed to grow quieter with spring and summer—not that we had any spring, as a matter of fact—and lately half a dozen of them have taken to grazing, and sleeping, with the cattle in the Smiths' meadow down the ridge. The cows, whose view of the world is no doubt a little misty, seem to regard the deer as merely more cows, and the deer to share this view. For all we can tell, the deer rally around in the evening to be milked. But every now and then one ambles up to see how their vegetables are doing in our garden.

When they decide the time is ripe, and the vegetables are, there will be no way to stop them, of course. One cannot, within reason, fence deer out. One can, I'm told, get a dispensation to shoot them, but neither of us would dream of shooting a deer. We have no private dog, since our cats would not approve, but the numerous dogs who visit us to chase our cats seem to feel no antipathy toward deer. The problem is without solution, as is the problem of the adopted cat who lived all winter in our garage with an electric heater to keep her warm and brought us the bodies of her spring kittens when something killed them.

The cat commits no depredations, save upon our feelings. It is true that when she brought the first kitten to us, one of our own cats was outside and started an angry, jealous attack. It is true that in trying to protect the kitten, which I thought was still alive, I got such extraordinary lacerations on one hand that my wife, after coolly and expertly administering first aid, became slightly hysterical—as, for that matter, did I. But that was no fault of the outdoors cat; she was and is, since our cats will not permit honest adoption, a forlorn and somewhat pathetic waif.

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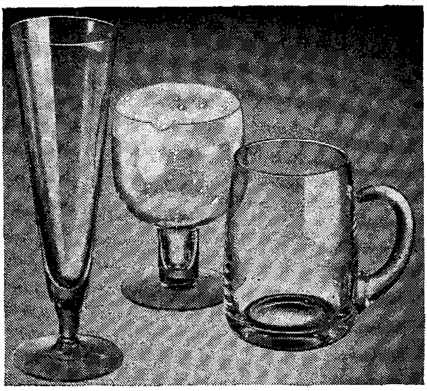

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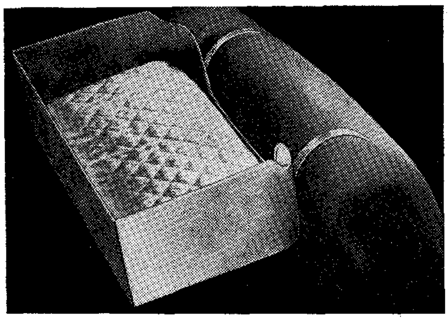

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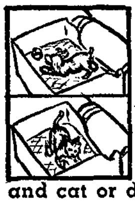

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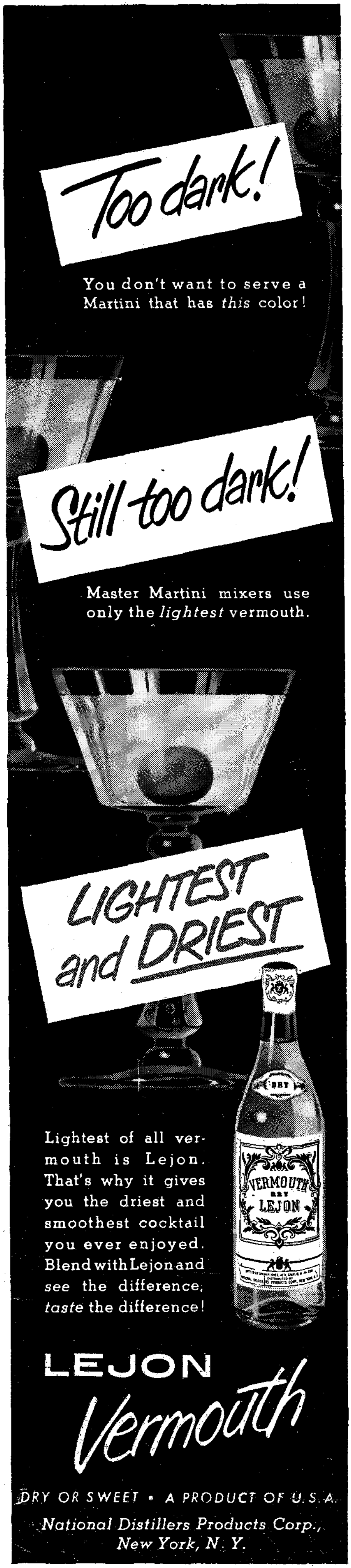
We will, no doubt, always have such as she, as all people who live in the country in the winter are likely to have. It is the charming custom of summer country people to drop cats, and dogs, too, off near occupied houses on their final trips back to the city. I suppose it makes them feel humane.

DOING something about such animals is the lot of people who live all year in the country, and my wife and I had both realized this. But there is a difference between an abstraction and a pretty little cat who hides her dead kittens in a stone wall and covers them with leaves to keep them warm, and cries for human help. As Mr. Fergus, who sometimes works for us and was present at the time, said, that is right pitiful. But the outdoors cat did not find us entirely unprepared. The asparagus hound did.

One has to be a gardener, I suppose, to know just what putting in an asparagus bed—two long trenches, really—means, both in work and emotional satisfaction. If one has lived off and on in the country for years, and raised peas and beans and sweet corn, but always felt too transient to bother with asparagus, the first asparagus-planting becomes a symbol. It became that, at any rate, to me; my wife's symbol is less utilitarian. It is a *real* perennial border, with plenty of delphinium. I think asparagus is sounder as a symbol and not only, or even primarily, because it is edible. The planting of asparagus means, in the figurative as in the literal sense, that you have put down roots, that you are where you plan to stay. With its planting, one epitomizes the whole transition of a city man to a place in the country he hopes will be permanent.

If he puts in asparagus, he bets it will be permanent; he comes to consider asparagus a hostage to fortune. He counts on two years or three after he has planted—or, as in my case, had Mr. Fergus plant—before he can harvest. He estimates that the same plants will produce for fifteen years. It is like betting that one will live fifteen years; one feels grave and at the same time adventurous. I felt that way as I watched Mr. Fergus spread bone meal and dehydrated manure in the bottoms of the two eighteen-inch-deep trenches, cover the mixture with soil, and lay the roots in. I went back to the house and said to my wife, "Well, they're in," and she, after looking at my face, said, "Wonderful!"

After that, when I was working in the garden, I always visited the asparagus trenches, although there was noth-



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ing to be done for the asparagus. I started doing this the day after the roots were in, when they had not even waked up enough to feel surprised by where they were. When the shoots first started up, I made my wife leave her delphinium and come over to look at them. (The funny thing about all this, I guess, is that I am only moderately addicted to asparagus as a food. It's nothing like so good as, for example, sweet corn is when it comes, within an hour or so, from the stalk to the table. And neither is half so important to me as steak.) My wife and I looked down at the emerging shoots and gave them a short round of applause.

It was the day after the first shoots appeared that I found the first hole. Something—I guessed offhand a woodchuck—had got into the trench and, for no apparent reason, dug two of the roots up. They had been up for some hours, obviously, and were drying out. I buried them again, morosely, not expecting that anything would come of it. Mr. Fergus was around that afternoon and I told him something was digging up the asparagus. He said that was funny, he'd never heard of anything doing that. He said it probably wouldn't happen again.

It did, however. The next day, there were three holes, out of each of which a couple of roots had been dug and left on the surface to die. I put the roots back and filled the holes up, and the same evening there were two others. I replanted and refilled again. It was a little like burying the future. The next morning, one whole end of one of the trenches had been dug up. After that, when not actually in the garden, I kept a watch on it from a window. I didn't do much else, except get more and more depressed. And then, one morning, I saw the asparagus hound.

He was no more than a medium-sized, nondescript black-and-white dog—one our cats had from time to time chased off the premises. A dog—a dog, of all things!—with a passion for asparagus. I ran out of the house yelling, and toward the garden throwing things, and he got out of the trench and went slowly away. He was uncanine even in departure; most dogs run when you shout "Go home!" and almost all when you throw something at them, or pretend to. The asparagus hound merely sauntered, now and then looking hungrily back at the asparagus trench.

I TOLD Mr. Fergus about it the next day and he found it hard to believe. You could see that; you could see the effort he made to believe it. "Well,"

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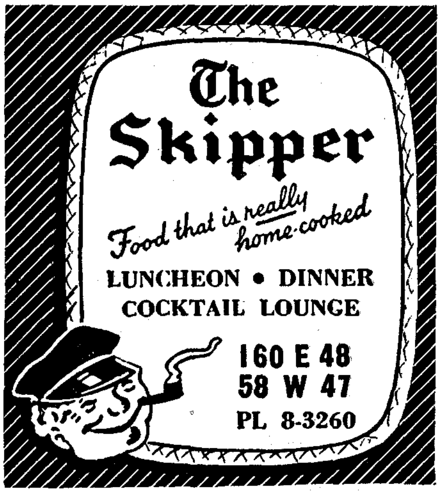
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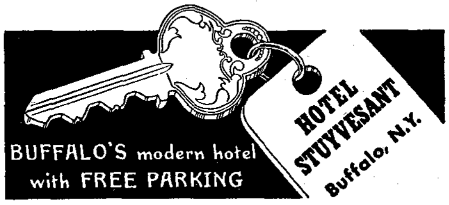
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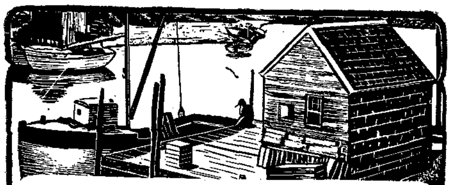

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he said, "all right if you say so. Can't say *I* ever heard of a dog who liked asparagus." He paused. "That much," he added. Mr. Fergus didn't know what we could do about it; he didn't want, yet, to cover the asparagus more deeply. It wasn't time to do that.

"I guess we're just out of luck," I told my wife later. "I guess we aren't ever going to have asparagus, after all."

We had a drink on this. We had another drink. We still both felt sad. And then Mr. Fergus, who had been doing some seeding, rang the doorbell. He started speaking as soon as I opened the door.

"You know what it is?" he said. "It's that bone meal. That's what it is!"

I said, "Huh?"

"The dog," he said. "The asparagus. He smells that bone meal. He thinks it's a bone." He was delighted with his theory.

"Well," I said, "now we know, anyway." I didn't doubt it. The theory made everything reasonable, for what good that was. It didn't delight me, as it did Mr. Fergus. Of course, I hadn't been the one to think of it.

"I'll tell you," he said. "Guess I'd better cover it deeper, after all. Guess that's the only thing to do."

He did, the next morning, and since then the asparagus hound hasn't been back. But I doubt whether he's licked. All I can hope is that when he comes back, he will run into the woodchuck who has moved in a hundred feet or so from the garden, for convenience's sake. A dog who thinks bone meal is a buried bone might think he could take on a woodchuck.

That I'd like to see. Whatever the outcome—the woodchuck would win, but even if he didn't—we've got nothing to lose. —RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

•

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Beene and Mr. and Mrs. Jed Kirkpatrick drove to Torch Lake Sunday afternoon, looking for arbutus. Calling on friends, discovered the murder and suicide victims Mr. and Mrs. John Foster. They immediately notified the State Police and continued on their drive, on arriving at Mancelona they witnessed a car accident in front of them. Not much time was left of the afternoon to seek what they went after.—*Charlevoix (Mich.) Courier.*

Still, it stays light quite late these days.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[*From the Herald Tribune*]

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

OUT ON THE HIGH WATER

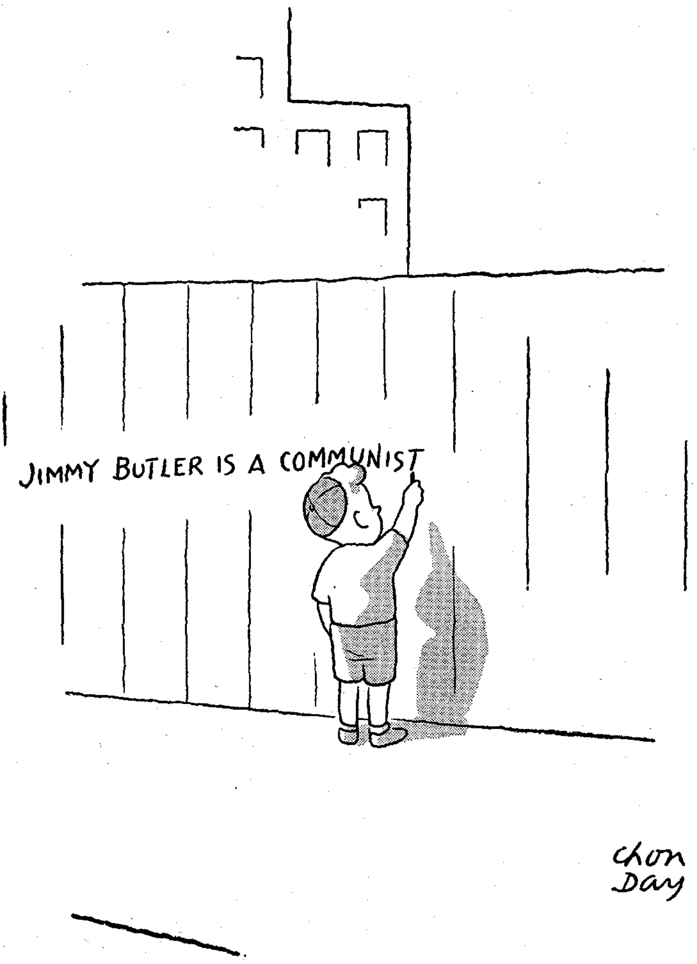
THE Mississippi River acted up again this year, flooding the lowlands from Cairo, Illinois, to southern Louisiana, and for three strange days when the waters were at their crest I was on that river and two of its unruly tributaries. The opportunity came to me while I was staying briefly in the town of Marianna, a community of five thousand in the delta country of eastern Arkansas. Marianna is fortunate in being situated on a ridge of high land, and the L'Anguille River, which flows by it and which had inundated the surrounding farming country to a depth of twenty feet or more at the time I was there, reached only to its outskirts. The L'Anguille is a tributary of the St. Francis, which it joins seven miles below Marianna and which, in turn, empties into the Mississippi, another twelve miles on down, but during my visit to that part of the world the three rivers had backed up to form one seemingly boundless lake. There had been none of the drama of bursting dams and levees, of roiling, smashing torrents, that one is likely to associate with floods. Slowly, quietly, almost imperceptibly, the rivers had risen. The people of the countryside, warned that the high water was coming, had ample time to move out by car, truck, and wagon; those who waited had little trouble making their way to safety by boat. More than a thousand families in Lee County, of which Marianna is the seat, had been obliged to leave their homes. A resident of Marianna told me that I could put out in a rowboat from the edge of town and row along Route 79 all the way to Memphis, some fifty miles distant.

Shortly after I arrived in Marianna, I made the acquaintance of a man named George Wilcox, who normally runs a ferry, consisting of a barge pushed by a motorboat, for the owner of the Double Bar Bend Plantation, on the St. Francis seven miles southeast of Marianna. At the time I ran into him, he had been working all day and most of the night for weeks helping to evacuate families, furniture, and livestock from low-lying regions in the vicinity of Double Bar Bend. He and his wife were themselves living in a refugees' tent colony in Marianna. George told me that early the following morning he would be leaving town to make a trip twenty-five miles down the L'Anguille, St. Francis, and Mississippi to Helena, Arkansas, where he hoped to pick up a bargeload of feed for some livestock of his father's that were stranded on a levee along the St. Francis. I asked him if he would have room for a passenger, and he said he'd be glad to have me come along. We agreed to meet at 4 A.M. at the water's edge near the foot of East Main Street.

IT was raining and still dark when I met George at our rendezvous. He had brought his motorboat—a twenty-two-foot craft, homemade and double-ended (square-nosed, that is, at both ends, a popular design along the Mississippi)—as far as he could up the street, and, guided by a flashlight he held, I waded out and got in. Then we chugged off to his barge, a sixteen-by-forty-foot steel one, which he had left in deeper water, moored to the top of a tree. The barge had a ramp at its stern, and he maneuvered one end of the motorboat up onto this and lashed it there to make a single navigating unit. This done, he threw the motorboat into gear, and, thus propelling the barge, we scraped and crashed our way through a mass of treetops out into open water and headed down the L'Anguille.

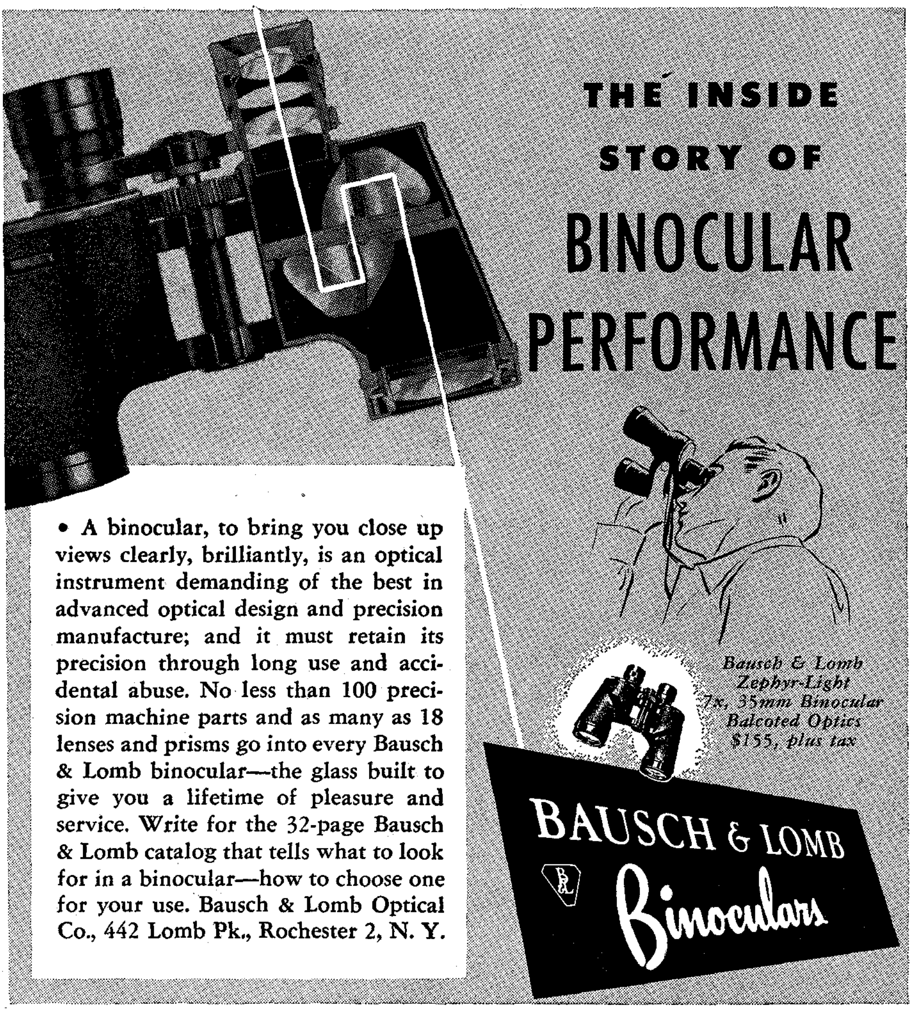
As dawn broke, I found myself in a world I had had no previous knowledge of. I had seen other floods—on the upper Mississippi, on the Ohio, on the Moselle, and on a number of lesser rivers—but this thing was different. All around us for as far as I could see there was nothing but yellow-gray water, fading into the helpless top branches of trees that formed a serpentine line on either side and told us where the boundaries of the meandering river bed were. A marooned rabbit moved on a branch, a couple of buzzards circled over some tragedy far away, and ducks wheeled across the sky. George and I hardly knew each other, but we got on fine as we rattled along through the desolate scene, huddled over the motor—a rackety four-cylinder Hercules taken from a farm combine and mounted on struts—in an effort to keep dry. A slight fellow of twenty-three, with an aquiline nose and heavy black eyebrows, George was wearing a hunting jacket, gray shirt and trousers, knee boots, and a duck hunter's peaked khaki cap. His attitude toward his surroundings was as casual as his attire. "I lived in that little old shack a couple of years before I moved to Double Bar," he said as we passed a house whose clapboard sides showed only three feet or so above the water. "Farmed fifteen acres over beyond those trees." He sounded as if he were driving a visitor along a country road on a dusty August afternoon.

The forward end of the motorboat kept bumping on the ramp of the barge, and presently George drew up against some trees and tried to tie it more securely. It still didn't work well, so we stopped again, loosened the motorboat, and put a towline aboard the


JIMMY BUTLER IS A COMMUNIST
Chon Day

barge. Then we proceeded on down the lane of water flanked by treetops until it merged with another lane—the St. Francis. A couple of miles farther on, the motor sputtered. George fiddled with the spark and throttle, and it picked up again. Then it went dead. We drifted into some trees on our right, and the motorboat came to a stop at a steep angle, tilted up into the branches of a tall willow. "This makes me very happy, to have an engine quit when I'm pulling a barge down a river," George said dryly, and the mere sound of his voice was startling in the silence all around us. He unscrewed the brass gas line from the carburetor. "Nothing more fun than cleaning trash out of a motorboat engine," he remarked. He put the gas line in his mouth, inhaled, took it out, and spat. "I have a wonderfully pleasant time," he said. "It is great fun to suck smelly old pieces of dirt out of a gas line." He screwed the line back on and cranked the engine, and it started. The barge had become tangled among the treetops, so I got up on it and, while the Hercules spluttered and coughed below, pushed and pulled at branches until we were free and on our way once more. Not long after that, we turned left through an opening in the trees and passed several houses built on log rafts. George told me that they belonged to squatters who made their living fishing and "drifting," or salvaging logs from the river and selling them to sawmills; when the water receded, the squatters would make their homes wherever their rafts happened to settle until another flood carried them elsewhere. A man in a white shirt and blue trousers stood in the doorway of one of the houseboats and he waved lackadaisically as we went by. We came to the levee that keeps the Mississippi and the St. Francis from joining prematurely and wiping out many acres of farmland just north of their present junction. The levee rose at a slope to about forty feet above us; it looked very old and almost a part of the natural landscape, like an Indian mound or an ancient fortification. It was the first land we had seen since leaving Marianna.

Turning left again, we cruised beside the levee down a long, treeless stretch of water. Twenty feet under us, George told me, lay a county road. Here and there along the levee we passed goats, pigs, cows, and mules grazing on its sides. George said that we would soon reach the stretch of the levee on which his father's livestock were temporarily foraging, and that his father, Rex, who was planning to accompany us to



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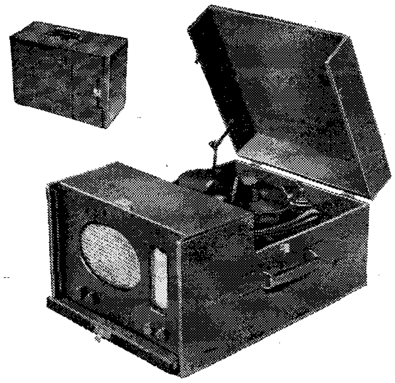
Helena, would probably be there, too, with his gasoline-driven cabin boat, which he used as a second home in emergencies like this one and which we were going to take with us on the trip. Perhaps, with luck, George went on, we would also get to see his sister and brother-in-law, Vivijean and Tim Hannon, and their little daughter, Betty Jean; the Hannons, whose house was in high country, had come down to the levee to help Rex out for a day or two.

A quarter of an hour later, we saw four figures moving about on the levee—two men, a woman, and a toddling child—and George said that that was his family, all right. As we drew near them, he cut the throttle of the motorboat and nosed the barge in to the embankment alongside his father's cabin boat. There was a greeting of "Hi"s as we got out, and then George introduced me all around. Mr. and Mrs. Hannon were an attractive young couple, both dressed in work clothes, except that she had on brown-and-white saddle shoes and he was wearing a new brown felt hat; little Betty Jean, in a clean, bright-blue dress, had blond hair done in a complicated braid. Rex, a small, wiry man in, I should say, his late forties, had on a duck hunter's cap like George's, hip boots, khaki trousers, and a hunting jacket with a cartridge belt, into which he had stuck some 12-gauge shells. His face had a hawklike look, and this was accentuated by the fact that he had no teeth. "Daddy," said George, "we got to the L'Anguille Lake by daybreak and to Greer's Bend by sunup." That was news to me.

George led me up the side of the levee for a look around. Our feet slipped and churned in muck as we climbed. The levee was flat on top to a width of thirty or forty feet. The view from it was the same on both sides—yellow-gray water and the branches of trees and, here and there, the roof of a house. "St. Francis water on this side," said George, waving an arm, "and Mississippi water on that side." He told me that when the St. Francis was in its proper place, his father lived in a house on stilts beside the levee, about a hundred yards from where we were standing. "It's over behind that clump of trees," he said, pointing. "Water's getting pretty high there by now, I guess. Daddy's all right, though, no matter what happens. He can always live in his cabin boat. He's got about three hundred and twenty acres of land around here—all under water now. But he don't care much about farming it, and most of it's grown over and needs clearing. We'll stop by at his house, probably, when we come back up the river."

Returning to the water's edge, we set about lashing the cabin boat to the stern of the barge, with the help of Rex and the Hannons. The cabin boat was thirty-four feet long and, like the motorboat, double-ended. The cabin, of weather-beaten clapboard with an asphalt roof, had sliding, glass-paned windows that gave it a sort of summer-cottage air. Two bunks, arranged double-decker fashion, were built in, forward; a table and three or four stools occupied the center of the floor, and above them was a radio on a shelf suspended from the ceiling; toward the rear were a two-burner kerosene cooking stove, a wood-burning stove for heat, and the engine—a Ford V-8. There was a steering stick near the engine and another up near the bunks. Rex, I was told, had built the boat himself, making the hull from cypress planks and installing second-hand equipment. I felt a good deal of respect for the man whose resourcefulness and ingenuity were responsible for all this.

WHEN the cabin boat was securely in place, we lashed the motorboat to its port side, making a lopsided triangle of the three craft. Then Rex shouted, "Tie loose, and we'll get going!," and we all scrambled aboard the cabin boat and started off back the way we had come along the levee, with both the motorboat's Hercules and the cabin boat's Ford V-8 roaring. Soon we were out in the channel of the St. Francis again. At a wide point in the river called Philips Bayou, the Hannons transferred to a rowboat the cabin boat had been towing and pulled away toward their home. Our flotilla went on down the St. Francis. Pretty soon Rex said, "It's about coffee time, ain't it, men?" George loosened one end of a hose in the cooling system of the V-8, filled a kettle



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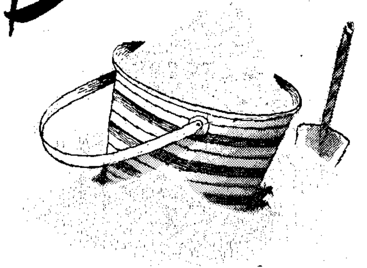
with steaming water, and put it on the kerosene stove. When the kettle came to a boil, he measured out some coffee from a can, put it in an old coffeepot, very black and battered, and poured the water over it, and soon we were all drinking a rich, opaque, dark-brown brew that I found delicious. Rex, who was steering, sat on a stool beside the engine, sighting our course through a glass panel in the cabin's door, up front next to the bunks, and through the windows on either side. "George," he said. "By God, you still make good coffee!"

I asked Rex what sort of feed he hoped to pick up in Helena. "Well, some cottonseed hulls, at any rate," he replied. "When the river rose, I couldn't keep track of my hogs and the neighbors began stealing them, so I sold most of them. But I still got my cows, my goats, and my mules, and if this water stays up, I'm going to have a hard time keeping them in something to eat. I raise just enough corn on my land to keep my hogs and cows from starving in ordinary times. I still got a little corn stored back at my house, but not enough if this water lasts much longer. The river's covering all the land where my stock generally eat. A fellow told me those cottonseed hulls from the mill at Helena make good roughage for stock."

We turned south into the Mississippi, and one could feel the sweep of the big river. Soon we were in a chute, a passage eliminating one of the many loops formed by the river's circuitous main channel. Although not navigable at low water, in floodtime the chute is a great timesaver for such craft as can negotiate it. The chute was narrow and winding, and the water swirled and the tops of giant cottonwoods, cypresses, pecans, oaks, and the ubiquitous willows pressed in on us from both sides. "If we meet a steamboat coming upriver, it's into the woods for us," Rex said fatalistically.

It was warm in the cabin boat, and a strong smell of coffee and kerosene mixed with the fumes from the V-8. George prowled back and forth from cabin boat to motorboat, seeing to it that both engines ran powerfully and easily. Rex fell into a reminiscent mood. "I worked on a road-repair gang near Forrest City one year," he said. "They had a big rotary brush that smoothed the top surface, and the dust that thing raised would kill a man and two boys. The dust clogged everything, and that machine was broke down three-quarters of the time. I was in charge of keeping it going, and so finally I took a fifteen-gallon drum and filled it with



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oil and hooked it to the air intake on the carburetor and made that machine an oil-filter bath. She ran good after that."

ABOUT two o'clock that afternoon, when I happened to be looking up ahead, I was astonished to see a large steamboat apparently emerge from the treetops and cross the chute at right angles to our path. It turned out that we were nearing the end of the chute and that the big boat was working its way upriver through the longer, orthodox channel. As we came out of the chute and turned downstream on the real Mississippi again, a huge levee became visible on our right and above it the bluffs of Helena, with houses on top of them and some mills and warehouses in the lower foreground. We approached the levee and drew up under it at the foot of a road running down from its top. Nearby was a raft with a shack on it and a sign proclaiming it government property. A watchman on the raft said it would be all right for us to drive a couple of stakes into the river bed and tie the barge up there. When we had made fast, Rex said he guessed he'd better dress up before going ashore, and changed to a clean khaki shirt and pants, low shoes, and a new hunting jacket. Leaving George to keep an eye on the boats, Rex and I walked up and over the levee and between some rows of Negro cabins to an establishment of a type known in that region as a Chinaman's store—a store run by a Chinese, in which whites and Negroes receive equal treatment. Rex left me there to buy some provisions and went on to see about getting his cottonseed hulls. I bought some coffee, bread, cheese, and, forgetting about Rex's dental handicap, meat for sandwiches, and then returned to the cabin boat.

Rex had planned to load the hulls and start right back up the Mississippi that evening, but things didn't work out that way. George and I sat around inside the cabin boat for three or four hours, drinking coffee and eating sandwiches, waiting for Rex. It was suppertime before he got back. He told us that the hulls cost eight dollars a ton, which was about what he had expected, but that he was having the devil's own time getting anyone to haul them down to the barge for him. "I'd just about talked one fellow into bringing them down here for a dollar and a half a ton," he said, "when he ups and asks, 'Is that barge on the water, Mister?' I asked him where else he thought a man was likely to have a barge, and with that he says he ain't hauling no cottonseed hulls onto no barge on no high water—no sirree, Mister!"

"People around here act mighty independent," said George. "Are they sure and positive the war is over yet?"

"I'd like to take some of these city people back home with me and put them up on the levee for a while," Rex said. "Let them listen to all of those goats and cows of mine and them two mules a-hollering for me to feed them. Oh, the complaining noise those animals make when they get a little mite hungry! Sometimes I think they're putting some of it on, the fuss they kick up."

Rex had some coffee and tussled with a sandwich, and then left to continue his search for someone to haul the hulls. George lit a kerosene lamp, and he and I sat at the table and talked. "Daddy doesn't really like stock," he said. "I've seen him get so mad that he's taken a stick to old Jersey cow and old billy goat. Daddy is a good mechanic, and he can always make a living in a garage in town, but him and me and Cookie—that's my sister you met this morning—we always liked it on the river. Mother died when we were little, and our daddy raised us good. Daddy drank a spell of liquor when he was in town, but when we were out on the river, him and I and Cookie, we had ourselves a good, hard-working time. We made a living fishing and we made a living farming and we made a living drifting."

George told me that he had left home when he was fifteen, to wander. He had hitchhiked around the country for some time and had then become an apprentice machinist, near Galveston, and later an engineer on a shallow-draught river tugboat. The Army had got him when he was eighteen, and he hadn't liked it at all. He had come down with arthritis and had been given a medical discharge. I could visualize him in the Army—a gentle, polite kid being given the hillbilly treatment by barracks-mates; they wouldn't have appreciated a riverman who knew how to fish, farm, hunt, and clean the valves of a gasoline engine but called his father Daddy. He had spent some time in a veterans' hospital, and he had thought the life there

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was fine. "I am telling you, Mister, that they was the nicest people you ever met, there in the hospital at Memphis," he said. "Anything they could do for you they did. Grapefruit in the morning, and they didn't boss you around at all." Upon leaving the hospital, he had gone back to the rivers, where he had hunted for the kind of boat he thought his father would be living on—and when he had found the boat, he had found his father. Then, in Marianna, he had married a girl from a river family. He and the bride had intended to spend their honeymoon in Helena, but after the ceremony they changed their minds and got a boat and just lazed around on the St. Francis and the Mississippi for a couple of weeks, camping out where they felt like it, on sandbars and riverbanks. Later, George got his job as ferryman.

At about ten o'clock, Rex came back and said he'd fixed things up for the morning. He had another difficult sandwich and some more coffee, and then we turned in. I slept in the upper bunk and George and his father in the lower, which was larger than mine. Once or twice during the night, I awoke to feel the cabin boat rolling and pounding against the barge in the wash from a passing steamboat. In the morning, George scooped some water from the river with a pan, and poured it into the kettle. Then he boiled some rice, which we ate with sugar and condensed milk. I had never eaten rice as a porridge, and I found it good. Rex and I drank our coffee black and unsweetened, and we both watched George as he put condensed milk in his and then sugar, which I was half surprised to see sink. He noticed us looking at him and said, "I'm getting into bad habits, like using cream and sugar once in a while."

"That can be bad," Rex said. "You might be away from the towns a month or so, and then if you run out of cream and sugar, where are you?"

We talked, there at breakfast, of cooking and of river water. "River water, especially the water around here—Mississippi, St. Francis, and them—is without a doubt the best water for coffee," Rex said. "It is also, I guess, the best water for rice. River cleans itself, a fellow told me, every five hundred feet, and it is an honest-to-God alive water."

"Tap water—the water you get in cities—is a dead water," George said. "They even have to put chemicals in it."

After breakfast, Rex went ashore. He came back in about an hour with

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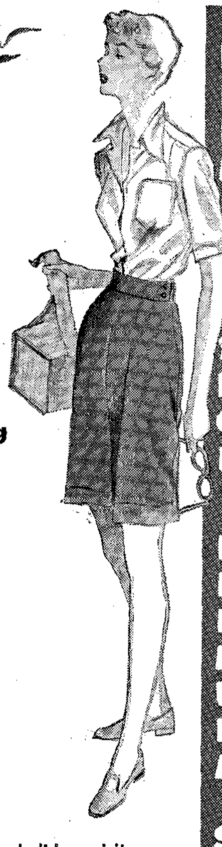

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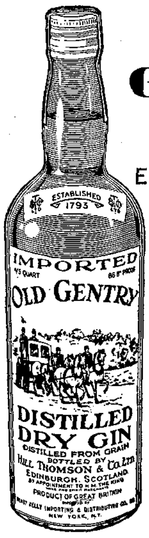
two Negroes in a truck loaded with cattle feed and owned, according to an inscription on its side, by "Minnie & Son John." The driver was a slim, devil-may-care fellow called Little Bobo, and his helper was a quiet, powerful man called John. Little Bobo backed the truck onto the barge, and the five of us, using scoop shovels, unloaded it. Rex had bought seventy-seven hundred and seventy pounds of hulls, which were gray-green and had flecks of cotton sticking to them, and ten hundred-pound sacks of cottonseed meal—lovely chartreuse-colored stuff that seeped through the bags and stuck to everything. It was a squally morning, and now and then rain would drive us all inside the cabin boat, and we would have coffee. During one such interval, Little Bobo told us that he had once worked on the river, rafting logs to sawmills. "One day, I was riding across the Mississippi in a motorboat with a friend," he said. "We saw old tree floating downstream, and this old boy with me said to me, 'You get yourself across that river, man. I see me some money right here.' And he jumped on that tree with old six-foot saw, and by the time he'd floated a mile or so to the mill, that tree was timber."

When we had finished loading the hulls and meal, we covered them with tarpaulins. Then Rex paid off Little Bobo and John, and they drove away. By eleven-thirty, we were ready to start back upriver, but we waited fifteen minutes so Rex could hear the daily weather-and-water broadcast from Memphis; when the cabin boat's engine was running, the radio produced nothing but static. Rex said that even when he was home working, he rarely missed the broadcast. "But I sure missed it the other day," he added. "Got to chasing old hog and forgot about everything. Took a header and skidded front first clear down the levee." When the broadcast came on, the announcer gave the stages of the Mississippi and other flooding rivers at various points. "Hear that?" Rex said as he snapped the radio off. "Down two-tenths of a foot at Memphis. All that means is that the river ain't rising."

WE headed back up through the chute. The load of more than four tons on the barge made it ride low in the water. Rex had both the V-8 and the Hercules running at full speed, something that, as a mechanic and a riverman, he hated to do. The current was strong against us and the wind was in our faces. There was a fine illusion of



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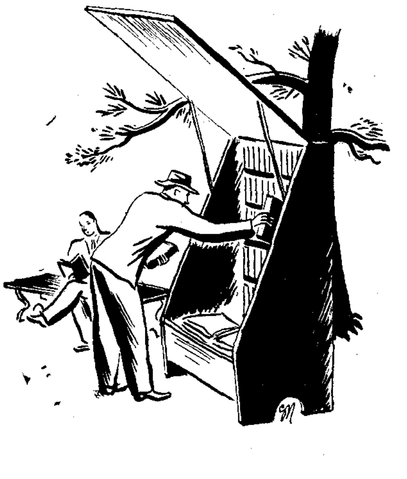
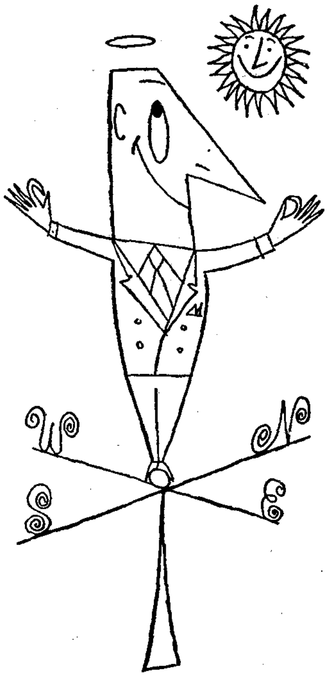
speed as the water rushed past us, even though at times I wasn't sure that we would get up through the chute at all. I would make a fix on some treetop and occasionally it would reveal that we were actually slipping back. Then Rex would steer us slightly to the left or right and we would inch forward again. There was a wild, implacable grayness about everything, and the river seemed to possess, in addition to its flow, a strange life of its own. A single ghostly branch of a tree would suddenly rise from the water, like an arm reaching up, and then the whole top of the tree would burst through the surface, or perhaps the branch would appear to hesitate and then slide slowly back under. Rex said that sometimes the stumps and trunks of dead cypress trees that have been submerged for decades will float at floodtime. Men who live by drifting prize these derelicts—cypress blues, they're called. We saw one cypress blue in a long line of log rafts a motorboat was towing downstream. It was a stump that resembled a gigantic briar root.

Late in the afternoon, we turned in to the St. Francis. We hadn't progressed far up it when the engine of the motorboat quit. George climbed over to it, had a look, and came back to the cabin. "Daddy, I've done run plumb out of gasoline," he said with disgust. Fortunately, the cabin boat had enough power to push us up the St. Francis unassisted. Rex said that even when operating under apparently identical conditions, gasoline engines unaccountably use up more fuel at some times than at others. "You can hear that carburetor going *suuh*, *suuh*," he went on, inhaling with a sighing sound. "And every time she sucks that air, you know she's sucking money right out of your pocket." We began to conjecture what would have happened if the motorboat had quit in the chute, and Rex said, "It's like I always say. The Lord has had us in His arms all the way." Shortly after that, it seemed to me, He put us defi-





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nitely on our own. The left side of the V-8 got so hot that Rex had to turn the engine off. He finally cooled it by pumping water through it by hand. Meanwhile, we had drifted into some willows, and by the time Rex had got the engine started, we were almost hopelessly entangled.

Half an hour's pushing and pulling got us clear of the willows. It was now decided that George should drain the fuel from a small outboard motor that Rex kept aboard the cabin boat and pour it into the engine of the motorboat, so that he could go ahead of the barge and help guide it with a towrope through the tricky passage that led past the place on the levee from which we had set out the morning before. It was dark by the time we reached the opening in the treetops that marked the passage, and the next hour was a frantic one of fighting off branches and sideswiping house rafts, while men yelled and flashlights waved and engines roared—all in a weird and eerie world of gray water and black branches, with the dark bulk of the levee always in the background, illuminated now and then by the moon, shining through wispy clouds. At last, we bumped into a large tree, hard; George, in the motorboat, veered off to one side, and then he cut his engine and climbed back over the barge to tell us that we were tied up at the front door of Rex's house.

FROM the barge, it was easy to step onto Rex's screened porch. In spite of the stilts on which the house was built, the water was almost even with its doorsills. Rex led the way in through the kitchen, where iron skillets and Dutch ovens hung from pegs above a huge stove, into a combination bedroom and living room, where he lighted a couple of kerosene lamps and a fire in a stove. We were damp and tired, and for a while we just sat around in silence. Then I got up and wandered about the room, admiring it. Its walls were of plain board, and it was simply but attractively furnished with a couple of large beds, a bureau, and some cane-bottomed chairs. There were shotguns and rifles on the walls, and on the rafters dozens of neatly coiled fishing lines. The skin of a bobcat was stretched across a board standing in one corner. Recent copies of the *National Geographic*, including the current one, were piled on the bureau beside a 1949 volume of fine river charts put out by the Mississippi River Commission, in Vicksburg. After a while, Rex spoke up. "Men," he said, "I really ain't finished resting, but I'm

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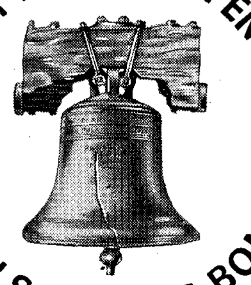

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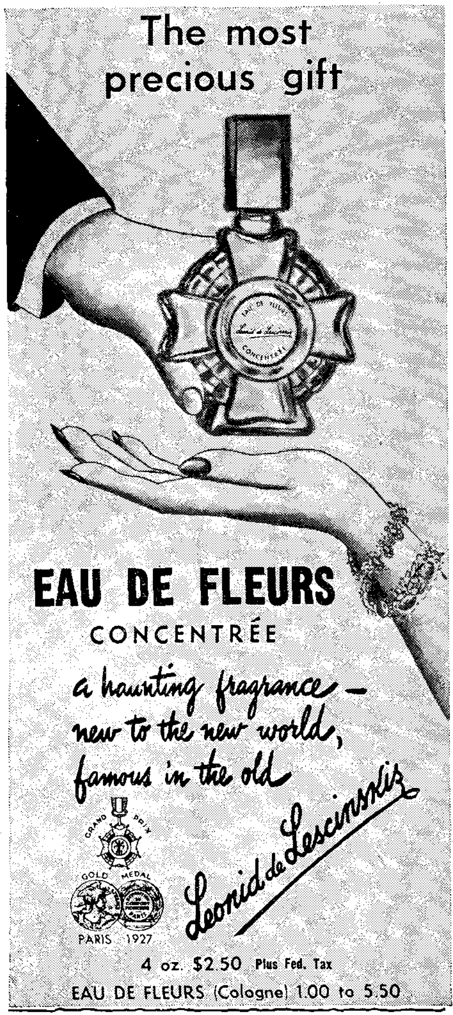
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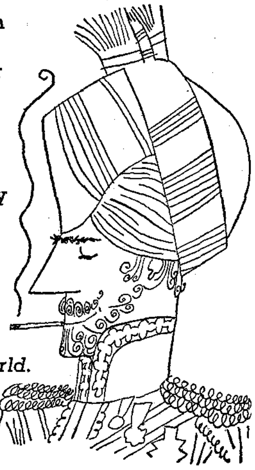
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thinking we should have something to eat. What'll it be—rabbit, hog, goat, or coon?" We settled for raccoon, and Rex took a lamp into the kitchen and heated up a delicious stew of a raccoon he had shot a few months before and had cooked and put in Mason jars. The meat was dark and tender, and we sopped up the gravy with bread. Then we spent three hours unloading the sacks of meal and the hulls onto the porch. As we worked, we could hear from time to time the lowing of cows, the bleating of goats, and the peremptory braying of a mule.

Rex was taking his boots off preparatory to going to bed when we again heard a mule bray. "That's Joe," he said. "A damn smart mule. All this work we've gone through is just to feed one intelligent mule. I don't give a damn about those other animals, although I can't let them starve, I guess. I don't mind telling you this—I sometimes wonder if those animals would work this hard for me if I was the one that was hungry." There was some slow talk of the days when the Wilcoxes had been together—Rex, Cookie, and George—and of how they had hunted, drifted, and fished for a living. "One thing, we always ate," Rex said. "We worked hard, and we didn't steal."

In the morning, Rex, in hip boots, waded out into two feet of water on the back porch, which was lower than the front one, and pumped water for coffee and rice. "Got to use old pump here," he explained. "The water around the house is too stagnant to make really good coffee." After breakfast, we put some of the hulls and meal into a skiff and took them over to the levee. The goats, led by a raffish old black-and-brown billy, were the first animals to greet us. Rex's two mules, Joe and Jim, were rather aloof, although obviously curious. The cows had strayed down the levee, and Rex had to walk half a mile to fetch them. He swore at the cows, jeered at the mules, and was offhand with the goats. It was a clear, calm day, and there on the levee, above the watery wilderness, we all found ourselves smiling.

We put the hulls in an old wagon bed and scattered meal over them, and Rex yelled at what seemed to be the older of the two mules, "Joe, you'd better appreciate this, God damn you!" Joe, a stately beast, stalked over and ate some hulls from Rex's hand. Two Negroes came walking down the levee, and Rex offered them a ride into Marianna. The five of us got into the

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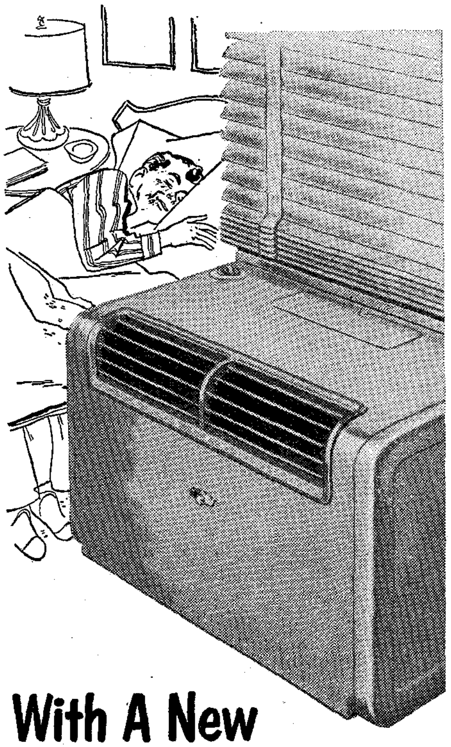
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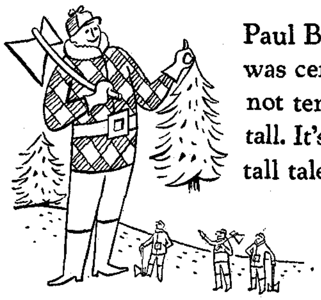

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skiff, George rowed us over to the cabin boat, and we set out for Marianna, pushing the barge and towing George's motorboat, which was dead once more.

At eleven-forty-five, we stopped, rested the barge against some willows, and listened to the report on weather and water. "You know, that's about all the news I really need," Rex said after it was over. "I used to get the *Commercial Appeal* from Memphis. Had it delivered at Philips Bayou, but when I'd go there to get it, somebody else would always have it, and by the time it got to me, it would be a week old." He laughed and started the engine, and we continued on our way to Marianna. The two Negroes had gone up front to ride on the barge, and George was tinkering with the sparkplugs in his motorboat, leaving Rex and me alone on the cabin boat. "You know," Rex said after a while, "I guess I kind of like doing what I do, even if it ain't the way it used to be before Cookie and George went and got married. Course, it would be kind of nice if they was back with me and we was just fishing and farming and wandering about on the rivers, but a man's got no right to expect that kind of life forever. And I guess I got no cause to complain. After all, if the most a man's got to be sore about in the whole world is just when his neighbors come and steal his hogs that he ain't very crazy about anyway, that man ought to figure it out that he's a pretty lucky fellow."

—MARK MURPHY

•

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—RICHARD ARMOUR

•

Moscow—New light on the problem of the origin of man—his descent from Neanderthal man—is thrown by the results of investigations by Soviet scientists. The existence of Paleolithic culture in Central Asia 100,000 years ago has been approved.—*The Worker.*

Next problem.

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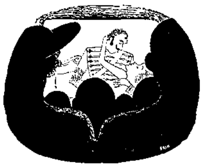

"THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR . . ." is an effort to describe the commotion that might ensue if God were to take over the airwaves and speak with the authoritative impact of, say, Walter Winchell. The Lord isn't actually heard in the picture, since every time He is due on the radio, the script, written by Charles Schnee, sees to it that the action gets out of range of His remarks. The actors in the film, though, are all supposed to hear Him at one time or another when they are off-screen, and verbatim accounts of His broadcasts, delivered by a proxy, periodically swell up on the sound track. The burden of handing on the Word of God has been bravely assumed, I am told, by Dore Schary, the producer of the picture, and while Mr. Schnee hasn't given the Deity anything more profound to say than the sort of thing that might come to your ears at any commencement exercise, his deputy delivers such lines as "I want you to do your homework" as if he'd just strolled down from a pretty important interview on Mount Sinai. When the spokesman's voice comes out of the loudspeakers, which are spotted around the sets like telephones in an ill-kempt farce, the cast is hushed and reverent, as well it might be in the circumstances.

The characters on whom this peculiar trifle focusses are called Joe Smith, American; Mrs. Joe Smith; and Johnny Smith. They are a dreary bunch. Mr. Smith works in an aircraft factory, where he joins his fellow-workers in making jokes about the boss; Mrs. Smith is a pregnant housewife; and little Johnny is a righteous spoilsport who gets as indignant as Carry Nation when the old man comes home with a few aboard. Except for bowling and an occasional drink at a bar, Joe Smith, American, has no diversions outside the home, and his only real fault is a tendency to become irritable with his wife's aunt, a psalm-singing soprano who behaves as if she were ready to go cheeping off to Bellevue. Since Mrs. Smith and Johnny are equally unlikely as examples of modern depravity, it's hard to see just what the Lord has in mind by telling them to mend their ways. But anyhow He does, and at the finish Joe

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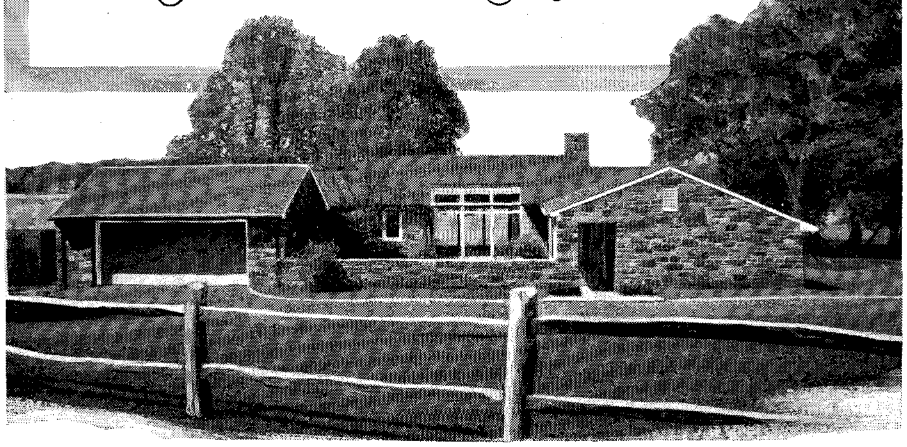

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Smith, American, is crazy about his wife's aunt, Mrs. Smith is the mother of a brand-new daughter, and little Johnny is all of a twit to inform his tiny sister about the time God spoke to him.

As directed by William A. Wellman, "The Next Voice You Hear . . ." is a meandering, maudlin affair. Like the account of the creation of the world itself, it is divided into seven episodes. I suppose it's reassuring to know that God is still a better producer than Mr. Schary, but I rather pitied the actors who had to help demonstrate that fact. Among them are James Whitmore, Nancy Davis, Art Smith, and Lillian Bronson.

"The White Tower" is a heavily symbolic picture, in Technicolor, that deals with an attempt to scale a mountain in Switzerland. An adaptation of the novel by James Ramsay Ullman, the film plunges us into the midst of a broody and loquacious sextet who have all kinds of mystical reasons for clambering up the peak. The sextet, an international lot, consists of an Italian lady, an American, a German, a Frenchman, an Englishman, and a Swiss. The Swiss is simply a guide for the party, and the Englishman and the Frenchman are eliminated en route. This leaves us with the German, who wants to prove his racial superiority by reaching the summit; the American, who wants to show that he's as good as a Nazi any day; and the Italian lady, who is anxious to conquer the mountain because her father perished on his way to its crest. There is, as you might expect, a good deal of mountain scenery, but the film, for my money, doesn't have enough runaway snowslides, falling bodies, and swinging over gorges to compensate for its generally didactic approach to the problem of going uphill on foot. The acting is quite satisfactory, with Valli, Glenn Ford, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Claude Rains, Lloyd Bridges, and Oscar Homolka puffing capably along.

"Destination Moon" shows how the United States finally takes over the lunar area. If you fancy the sort of stuff that goes into science fiction, you'll probably be entertained by this one. Tom Powers, Warner Anderson, and John Archer help put the satellite under our jurisdiction.

—John McCarten

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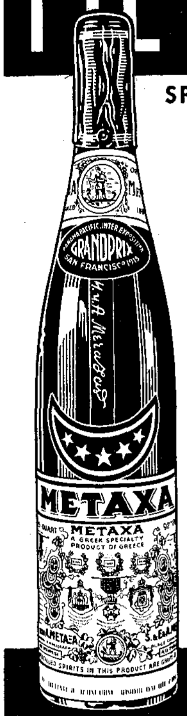

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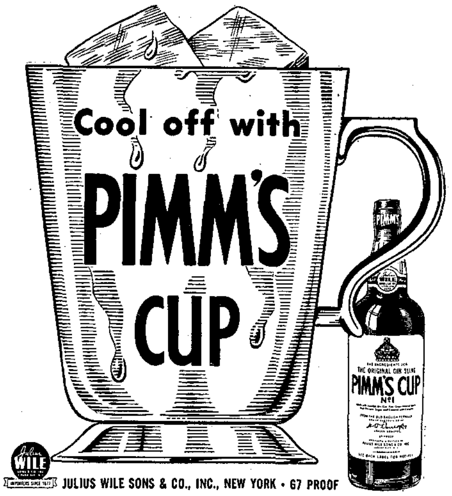

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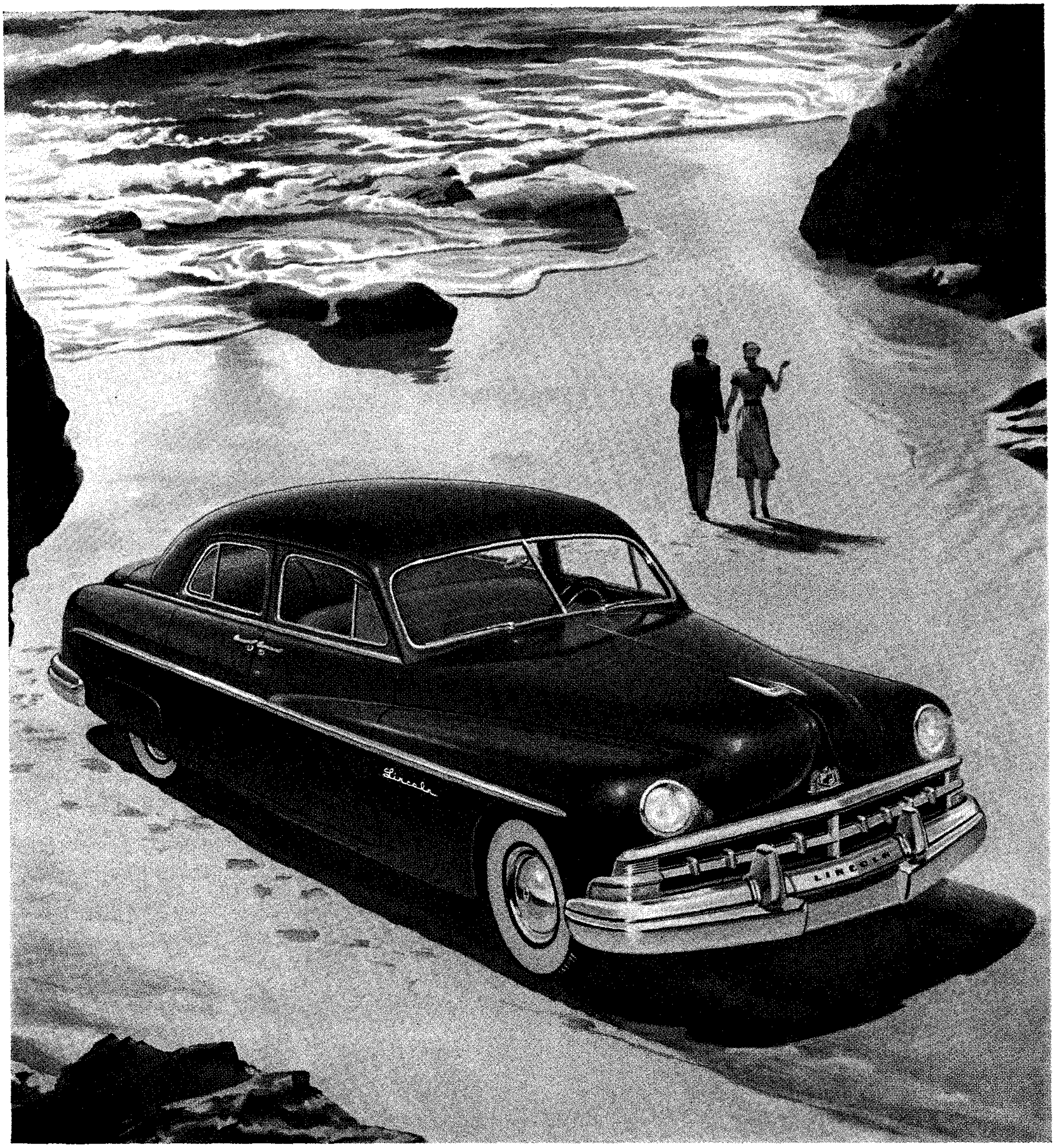

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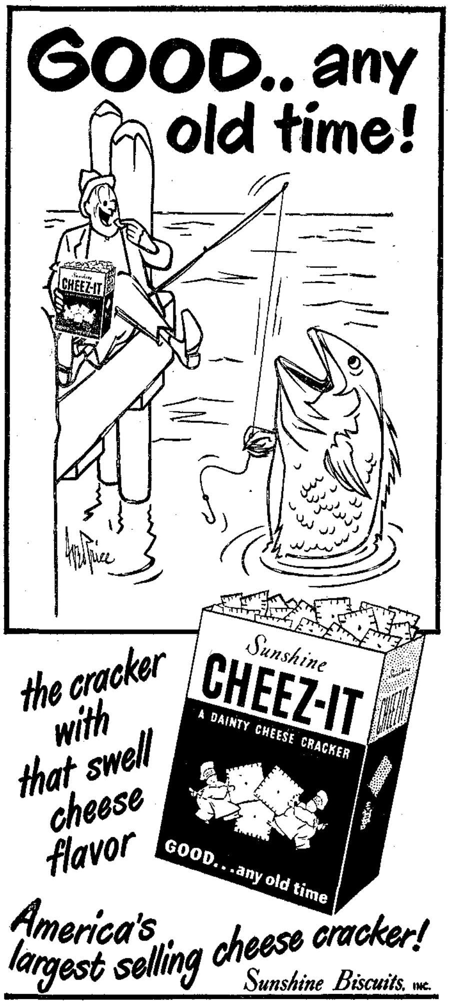
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

June 30

A MEMBER of the group of military and diplomatic men who helped Mr. Truman make his big decision, or at least sat in while he was making it, remarked to a White House correspondent shortly after the announcement of it, at noon last Tuesday, that the President's action had "untied a thousand knots." He meant, of course, the political and diplomatic knots in China, Indo-China, the Philippines, and Formosa as well as in Korea, of which there were a great many, but perhaps fewer than a thousand. In Washington, however, the decision untied considerably more knots than that. Here, throughout the winter, spring, and early summer, it has been pretty much a case of one knot per man, and there is no question but that the President's decision has resulted in unknotting almost everyone. One would have expected the outward symbols of solidarity and resolve that ensued—the ringing declarations of support, the political speeches about putting an end to politics—but there appears to be something that cuts deeper than that, a genuine sense of calm and release, a nearly unanimous expression of satisfaction at the fact that the situation has at last come down to comprehensible, and even measurable, terms. Although, for all anyone knows, we may be very close to war, the atmosphere here now is as different as it could conceivably be from what it was back last January, when the President made his statement on what was then called the hydrogen bomb, later the triton bomb, and later still the great fizzle. The frenzy then was almost palpable. This week, there has been no frenzy at all, or at least none that showed itself on the surface of life here, as the January frenzy did. Naturally, there is a buzz and chatter in the air (including quite a lot of did-it-say-the-tanks-were-*driven*-by-Russians?), but there is always a buzz and chatter about something, and the impressive thing, the astonishing thing, is that even now, after the announcement that we will use ground forces in Korea and send our bombers north of the Thirty-eighth Parallel, there is hardly any tension discernible. Instead of creating tension, the President's announcement dissipated a vast accumulation of the stuff. It may well be that what is showing itself is really a basic irresponsibility, that what is being felt is really the unworthy kind of ease that every human being feels when the burden of making a decision suddenly passes from his hands to another's. However that may be, the present atmosphere is very much more comfortable to inhabit than the old one, and it would seem on the face of it to be a better one in which to make those decisions that are still this government's to make.

There were a number of sensations that apparently assailed everyone here at once following the initial attack in Korea. One was that the world was back somewhere in the thirties and that there had to be an analogy between this event and one or another of the several milestones on the way to the last war. This was both a grim, unsettling thought and a moderately reassuring one. It was grim because it suggested the inevitability of general war. If this was to be Munich and we were to let the Korean Sudetenland fall, then the attack on Poland—Yugoslavia or perhaps West Germany—could be expected within a year. On the other hand, it was reassuring to reflect on the fact that this was *not* the thirties but only a period *like* the thirties, and to realize that we were in a position to improve on the thirties by applying the lessons we learned then. But although this was a favorite topic of conversation, almost a parlor game, over the weekend and beyond (when Secretary Johnson introduced the President to an audience of reserve officers on Wednesday with the line "out of this nettle, danger, we pluck the flower, safety," it was recalled that Neville Chamberlain used the line at the time of Munich), there was not much agreement on exactly what point in that unlamented decade we had reached. It was certainly a good while after the Japanese attack on Manchuria. It had to be after the rise of Hitler, and it was at least as late as the remilitarization of the Rhineland. Yet the Rhineland didn't fit either, because Korea was not a part of the Soviet Union, it had nothing to do with the Russian economy, and it was the victim of an armed invasion, not a political coup. Ethiopia didn't work, of course, because Stalin, unfortunately, is no Mussolini; if he were, life would be simpler. There were many aspects of the Spanish Civil War that ruled *it* out. Probably the best comparison—though by no means a perfect one, in view of the bloodshed in Korea—was the march on Austria in 1938, which was Hitler's first clear-cut violation of a national boundary that an international organization was committed to keep inviolate.

On Monday, the conviction grew that, whichever comparison was the most apt, the lesson of the thirties would not be applied. Undoubtedly, someone will someday make known what went on in the conferences at the State Department and, after the President flew in from Independence on Sunday afternoon, at Blair House, and it may turn out that, as Dean Acheson told the American Newspaper Guild on Thursday, there was never a moment of conflict between the President and his advisers, or between the advisers themselves, over what should be done. But the fact is that nearly everyone in Washington was taken by surprise when, early Tuesday morning, word began to get around that the President would shortly announce that he



A STATEMENT from CLIFF McMILLEN

I HAVE just read *"New York, New York, It's a Wonderful Town"*, by Karl Schriftgiesser in the July 1 "Colliers"—a "Must" for those who love New York. I particularly like the statement attributed to our Mayor, *"New York is a warm city."*

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had already pledged the country to the defense of South Korea. No one was more surprised than the reporters who had been assigned to the conferences. If there had been time for much newspaper forecasting, the Washington correspondents would have gone on record with predictions every bit as inaccurate as those they made about the 1948 elections. They would have had far sounder excuses, though, for there were almost no signs of what was to come before it came, and the very protractedness of the meetings hinted at the kind of disagreements that are customarily resolved by inaction or compromise. Moreover, there was something about the whole Washington scene in the forty-eight hours after the news about the war in Korea broke that suggested that the Russian timing had been much too smart not to result in complete success. When Frank Duvall, the State Department duty officer on Saturday night, got the news (from the United Press ticker, not from government sources), he had to round up his colleagues from dinner parties all over the city. Secretary Acheson himself was not present at any of the first sessions. He drove in from his farm in Maryland in an open convertible, arriving at twelve-fifteen Sunday afternoon. Two and a half hours after that, he called the President, who had been sitting on the back porch of his Independence home, and suggested that his presence in Washington would be advisable. The President got in at about seven that evening, twenty-nine hours after the North Koreans had crossed the Thirty-eighth Parallel. Washington was a good deal better prepared for Pearl Harbor than it was for Seoul. The thing that had been on the minds of most of the State and Defense Department people in the twenty-four hours before the invasion was the massing of Rumanian and Bulgarian troops on the Yugoslav border.

IT was at ten-seventeen on Monday night, according to later announcements from the Defense Department, that word of the decision was telecommed to General MacArthur from the Pentagon. A number of developments on Monday contributed to the belief that the President and his advisers were spending their time working out the best formula—there were plenty of good ones available—for getting themselves off the hook. Leaving the White House, Dr. John Myun Chang, the Korean Ambassador, had a very long face and would say little to reporters but "The hour is late. The situation is critical." He either had not liked what he'd been told or had been told nothing. Secretary Acheson took time out to appear before the Senate Appropriations Committee and advocate allocating money to help arm the Atlantic Pact countries; in response to questions about Korea, he said that the decision was entirely up to the President. The Associated Press quoted a member of the White House staff to the effect that we would "go as far as we could" to "coöperate" with the United Nations. The relative mildness of the President's statement on Monday, calling for support of the United Nations, left everyone with the feeling that either that would be the end of the matter or that his subsequent statements would be even milder. There were two widespread and exactly opposite theories in Washington to explain what looked like the 1950 Munich. The only thing they had in common was that the President was seesawing, as he has often been said to have done in the past, between his Secretary of State and his Secretary of Defense. According to one theory, Secretary Johnson, his eye, as always, on the taxpayer's dollar, was declaring that an investment in Korea would not yield worth-while returns and that although a line certainly had to be drawn somewhere, it should be drawn at some better place, at some better time; opposing Secretary Johnson, Secretary Acheson, risking a semblance of self-repudiation by urging on Monday the defense of Korea and Formosa that he had said on the previous Friday was impossible, was demanding the immediate dispatch of assistance. The other theory was that Secretary Johnson was now showing his lick-'em-before-breakfast side and that he wanted to engage in an adventure going far beyond the defense of South Korea; in order to prevent an overly ambitious commitment, Secretary Acheson, who has never done much to hide his lack of confidence in the staying power of most of the present Asiatic governments, including Syngman Rhee's, was calling for restraint all along the line, even to the point of letting Korea fall.

Whether or not there were disagreements on these or any other points, the ultimate decision was the President's to make, and the general feeling here is that it will eventually be regarded as his most spectacular triumph of character. In much the same way that he gave the Russians an opportunity to back down gracefully, they, by the speed with which they acted in the first place, gave him the opportunity to clear out of Korea—if not gracefully, at least rapidly. He could have argued that Korean disintegration was proceeding too swiftly for American action to be of any use, and no one, in all likelihood, would ever have been able to prove him wrong. But he chose not to grasp that opportunity. All week here, one has felt that most people had an unusual sense of personal identity with the President in this particular crisis. This has been one occasion on which almost any thoughtful citizen could with some degree of assurance check the wisdom of the President's course of action against his own private decision. This may account for the glaring difference in mood between these days and the days of the isotope excitement last January. That was a decision—it seemed an unsurpassably terrifying one at the time—that the President had to make on the basis of information that was available to only a handful of people in the whole country. It was difficult for anyone either to agree or to disagree with it, because it was practically impossible to learn what, in fact, had been decided. But this time the President had to make up his mind on the basis of just about the same information that every newspaper-reader had. He could, of course, give weight in his decision to secret information concerning the state of our military power in the Pacific, but the question was at bottom a moral and political one, and if the President had seen it as a purely military question, he would very likely have decided it the other way. At any rate, for once the country had a chance to make up its mind at the same time the President was making up his. What seems to have happened is that almost everyone moved toward a decision at about the same pace as the President, and moved, as it turned out, to the same decision. Thus, since the announcement of Tuesday noon, almost everyone has experienced a kind of personal gratification and vindication, a feeling that the President did just what he would have done if the decision had been his to make.

ONE thing that has been strikingly evident all week is how slight a role Congress can play in a modern crisis. This was also evident in the months before Pearl Harbor, but not quite so dramatically, because developments then were more gradual, more piecemeal. No single step that President Roosevelt took, with the possible exception of the destroyers-for-bases deal, in-

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GOT TO THINKING about the dozens of things around the house that always seem to be there and yet are never bought by anybody. For instance, I can't ever remember witnessing the purchase of buttons or toothpicks or a lead pencil. And yet, those items are always around the house, usually handy when they're needed. Take rowboats as another example. Have you ever been present when somebody bought a rowboat? Every lake in the country is dotted with them, but I can't recall anybody ever telling me that he just bought a rowboat. Kids on our sandlots never seem to be short of bats or balls. Within memory I can't recall when a youngster of mine put the lug on me for a baseball or a bat. Those items seem to pop out of nowhere. Bibles and dictionaries and coat hangers fall in the same category. Do you ever remember having purchased a Bible? Every closet in my house has a crossbar loaded with empty coat hangers. Gremlins must sneak in at night with an armful. Thermometers. Who ever bought one? Safety pins, paper matches, ash trays. I guess those things just—happen.

★

ONE THING THAT DOESN'T JUST HAPPEN is the remarkable Boy Scout record which members of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune carrier salesman organization have compiled. More than 3,000 of our carriers are also Scouts. One of them, Leroy de Boom of Minneapolis, was our correspondent at the national Jamboree this past week at Valley Forge, and what a swell job Leroy did in sending back stories about the activities of the Scouts from our area. Believe me, we're proud of every one of our more than 8,000 carrier salesmen, (including these outstanding Boy Scouts) who deliver the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune to homes in 1,239 Upper Midwest cities and towns. These young men are part of the team that makes the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 600,000) the best-read, best-liked newspapers in America's vast Upper Midwest.

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FATHER'S LITTLE HELPER: To avoid turning off the water when you want to move your lawn sprinkler, twist the hose at a safe distance. That will flop the sprinkler on its face and you may now approach it without fear of an impromptu shower. Move the sprinkler where you want it, add a reverse twist and the hose is back to its original position. Oh, you've been doing it for years. Beg your pardon . . . To de-squeak your shoes try this: Pierce the soles in three or four spots with an ice pick right back of where the ball of your foot fits in the shoe . . . Does the hook on your screen door occasionally do a flip-flop and lock itself when you slam the door? Just reverse the positions of the hook and the eye. Put the hook on the door frame and the eye on the door and life will be beautiful . . . How did I get in such a helpful mood?

★

NOW IT'S CONFETTI the fat ladies are going for in their reducing routines. Used to be decks of cards they'd spill all over the floor to pick up, one card at a time. That trick has been switched to confetti-spilling with the picking up done one disc at a time . . . Biggest wearers of derby hats at one time were plumbers. A sudden lift of the head on the part of an early-day plumber brought contact with plumbing fixtures. The old plug hat neatly took the first shock . . . Do you want to make yourself shudder? Give a completely honest answer to this question: "What would I do if I knew no one would ever find it out?" Aren't the possibilities alarming? . . . Doctors say women can eat more than men because a woman's stomach has greater capacity . . . Stella Donfray, the Parisian model touring for the VooDoo perfume people, says life is hard now for Parisian models. Top girls aren't making more than $100 a month in Paris; cigarets are 50 cents a pack; nylon stockings $4 a pair. Hard to come out even.

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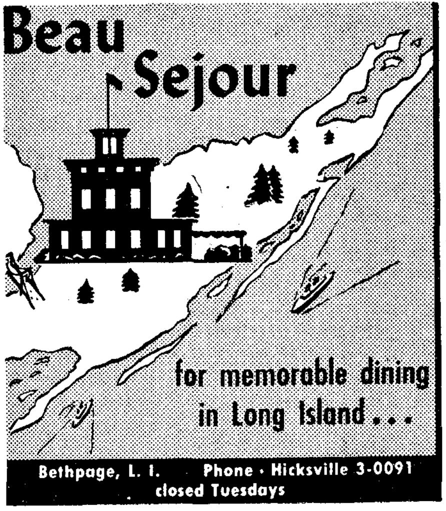

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volved a risk of such magnitude as the step President Truman has taken. In the reaching of the decision, Congress had no part. To be sure, this was neither a treaty nor a declaration of war, but it certainly partook of the nature of both. The Congressional leaders were not consulted in advance, and they were not told what was going to be done until it had been done. The party leaders of both Houses and the members of the appropriate committees were called to the White House at eleven-thirty, a leisurely enough hour, on Tuesday morning, to be informed by the President of what he had decided to do. A good two hours earlier, White House and State Department press officers were alerting reporters for the noon announcement and dropping the broadest hints about the contents of the statement. The reporters came and left while the Congressional leaders were closeted with the President, and the statement went on the wires a few minutes after noon, just as Congress was beginning its session. The text was being read on the radio and going into type all over the country before Senator Lucas read it on the Senate floor, at about twelve-thirty. It was not read on the House floor until even later. While the announcement was being heard in living rooms, poolrooms, and barrooms across the nation, a member of the House was on the floor angrily demanding of his colleagues that "America act now and not at some later date."

In view of these circumstances, it is surprising that Congress accepted the President's decision as good-naturedly as it did. Only two members expressed thoroughgoing disagreement; one other reserved judgment for a while, but later decided to support the President. The two dissenters were Representative Marcantonio, of New York, who follows the Communist line, and Senator Kem, of Missouri, an isolationist Republican who follows a line that is not the Communist line but very often looks just like it. Both of them based their dissent on the argument that the President had usurped Congress's war-making powers. The man who reserved judgment was Representative Martin, of Massachusetts, whose first comment was "I am confused. The bipartisan foreign policy has not yet extended down to me."

If it were not for the fact that there simply isn't much Congress can do at a time like this, the scene in the House and in the Senate on Tuesday afternoon, and especially from midafternoon on, might have seemed a great tableau of in-

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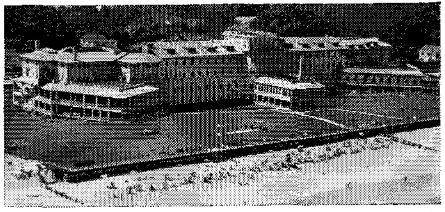

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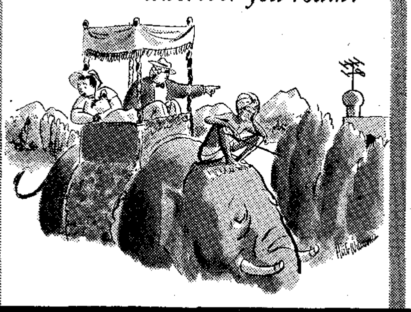
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difference and unawareness. For the first couple of hours, the sessions were rather well attended and there was a fair amount of elbowing for the floor. Those who got it addressed themselves, in most cases with brevity, and in some with elegance, to the day's developments. But by two-thirty or so everyone who wanted to talk about Korea had done so—many had not taken the floor at all but had simply dictated statements in their offices—and the sessions resumed their familiar, everyday pattern. In the Senate, there was a brief discussion of a convention with Canada for the extension of port privileges for halibut-fishing vessels; a learned dissertation by Senator Taft, who was proposing an amendment to an amendment to the appropriations bill, on the pricing of surplus military goods being sold to South America; an attack by Senator Malone on the engineers of the Securities and Exchange Commission; and a speech by Senator Morse, of Oregon, on the Export-Import Bank's recent loan to Argentina. Every half hour or so the name of Korea would float into the deliberations (to prove a point about Argentina, perhaps, or the S.E.C. engineers) and float back out. One senator, chewing along on the subject of reciprocal-trade agreements—which rot capitalism, he maintained—became suddenly inspired with the thought that Russia had been in the news lately, spotted a tie-in, and said, "Staleen now waits like a vulture for capitalism to rot." From three o'clock on, there were seldom more than a half-dozen senators in their places. The visitors' galleries were three-quarters full, as they normally are in the tourist season, and the press galleries were practically empty. There were more correspondents sitting in a room just off the gallery, intently watching a television broadcast of the United Nations Security Council meeting, at Lake Success, than there were watching the United States Senate.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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[*Letter in the Chicago Sun-Times*]

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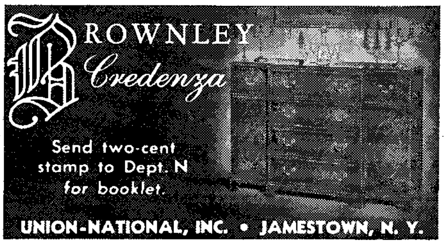

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BOOKS

Briefly Noted

FICTION

The Small Hours of the Night, by Timothy Angus Jones (Houghton Mifflin). Using the familiar device of portraying life among the worldly and jaded through the eyes of an ingenuous outsider, Mr. Jones has written what promises at first to be a satire or a high comedy about a young Englishman in Paris who gets mixed up with an exiled prince and princess and their friends for several weeks of sleepless nights and unlimited champagne. It doesn't turn out to be either one, or, for that matter, much of anything else. Barnaby Surrey, the ingenuous spectator, has little besides innocence and good manners to recommend him to the reader or even to the other characters. Mr. Jones' writing is as diffident and honest as his hero, and just about as tame.

The Arch of Stars, by Clifford Lindsey Alderman (Appleton-Century-Crofts). A story of the American Revolution, with a wicked adventuress, Arabella Druce, for a heroine, and two true lovers, Jared French and Ruth Prentice, to insure a happy ending. Arabella has a disastrous finish, but not until after she has brought a good many people to ruin with her deceitful ways and has placed as many obstacles as she can think of in the path of Jared and Ruth. Mr. Alderman writes with immense assurance and produces a vigorous, mouthy kind of dialect that may or may not be what Americans of the latter part of the eighteenth century were accustomed to hear. His characters are period pieces—brightly costumed, full of talk, and deeply dyed in heroic or villainous colors, according to what the plot calls for.

GENERAL

Seeds of Treason, by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky (Funk & Wagnalls). The authors of this book, the first full-dress account of the Hiss-Chambers affair, do not pretend to be detached in their view of the case, and the book almost defies being read with detachment. De Toledano and Lasky had the assistance of Chambers and his friends, and what we are given is therefore necessarily something of an *apologia pro vita sua*. As such, it is convincing. (The authors are careful to note that they asked Hiss and his friends for assistance, too, and were rebuffed.) The facts of the case, arranged here in the proper sequence, point to Hiss's guilt far more compellingly than they seemed to do in the newspaper accounts of the two trials. The authors' style is invincibly maladroit and their treatment lacks the austerity the subject deserves, but the book provides rough notes for part of the tragic history that will someday be written of our time.

Spain, by Sacheverell Sitwell (Batsford). A literary pilgrimage and an illustrated guide for aesthetes. The youngest of the Sitwells is an old intimate of Spain, a land that has always had a strong attraction for Englishmen of highly individualized tastes and prose styles. He has become something of an authority on the country's manners and people; he has studied the castles and cathedrals of Aragon and Andalusia, Castile and Valencia, and has poked about in the noisome caves where the gypsies live. It is, to him, all sad and beautiful and appealing, and he makes it so for the reader. But this is not a work for anyone curious about the present state of the country; Mr. Sitwell faces the past with a fearless eye, and it is typical of his approach that in the entire book there is not one reference to Francisco Franco.

Here's England, by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten (Harper). A cheerful and comprehensive guidebook that, unlike many of its counterparts, takes into account the physical and cultural limitations of almost every type of reader likely to consult it. Miss McKenney and her husband have divided their book (which they refer to as a "valentine," because of their infatuation with Great Britain) into two main parts; the first is devoted to a hypothetical two-week sojourn in London, the second to a series of jaunts within easy striking distance, designed to take up anything from a month to a lifetime. On the assumption, probably correct, that the average visitor to England has forgotten almost everything he learned about the country's history, art, and architecture, the authors have included a great deal of rather basic information on these subjects, as well as rhapsodic descriptions of such relatively unknown spots as the zoo at Whipsnade, and Shandy Hall, the Yorkshire home of Laurence Sterne. Illustrated by Osbert Lancaster.

THE HUMANITIES, edited by Julian Harris (University of Wisconsin). A collection of papers read at a symposium on literary criticism and the fine arts that was held at the University of Wisconsin last year. The participants, all of them college or university teachers of the liberal arts, included Howard Mumford Jones, Cleanth Brooks, and Philo M. Buck, and the purpose of the meeting was to discuss and appraise the value of studying the humanities. What took place, however, seems to have been more a session of self-criticism, at which the assembled scholars discussed and appraised the direction that art and literary criticism in our colleges is taking. Most of them agreed that while the humanities are an essential study for any student who wishes to appreciate great literary, musical, and artistic works, the teachers themselves are tending more and more to be intellectually aloof, overspecialized, and preoccupied with techniques, symbols, and other secondary matters. The almost certain result of this obscurantism and aesthetic inbreeding, they believe, will be to alienate the very people who would benefit most from studying the humanities. An illuminating and valuable little book.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LADY, BEWARE, by Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead). Johnny Vallon, one of Mr. Cheyney's dashing English private eyes, takes over what seems at first glance to be a very innocuous case when a colleague of his, who's been working on it, is killed in a highly suspicious motor accident. Then a beautiful woman, twice widowed, hires him to find her daughter, missing since babyhood, and later, when the girl has been found and properly identified, repudiates her. Mr. Vallon ferrets out the reason for this *volte-face* as well as the reasons for a lot of other curious happenings. Written in that strange approximation of American slang that the English delight in.

HIGH TENSION, by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday). Most of the people on Staten Island think that Richard

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Kutka is awfully public-spirited. He has formed bands, rifle clubs, and girls' and boys' clubs with emphasis on body building, all apparently financed by the proceeds of a radio program—the "Joker Hour"—of which he is the star. It develops, however, that Mr. Kutka is far from being a joker or a benefactor. In fact, he's busily setting up a new Fascist organization, with people of breeding and inherited wealth as his scapegoats—the "coupon cutworms," he calls them. The police seem to be completely taken in by him, in spite of a disappearance, a murder, and a spot of arson, and the persecuted citizens are stymied till one of them decides to try a little mayhem of his own. Mrs. Du Bois's ladylike style contrasts rather oddly with her subject matter, which is perilously close to that of "Super Comics."

12 AGAINST CRIME, by Edward D. Radin (Putnam). A series of short sketches about the methods of various laymen and professionals—some well known, others fairly obscure—whose special talents have proved invaluable to the police. Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, New York City's chief toxicologist, is a favorite of Mr. Radin's, but equally fascinating are Dr. J. Paul de River, a Los Angeles psychiatrist, who applies his wide knowledge of sexual perversion in an eminently practical manner; Adam Yulch, a Long Island operative, whose enormous files of laundry and dry-cleaners' marks have provided a new means of tracing missing persons as well as criminals; and a dear old gentleman named John F. Tyrrell, who deals with forgers, blackmailers, and other evildoers attempting to establish false alibis. Perhaps the most impressive of them all is Dr. Alexander S. Wiener, a serologist and bacteriologist whose deductions from blood, sweat, and tears, to say nothing of more esoteric secretions, have solved many cases that might otherwise have defeated the authorities. The book suffers from drastic compression, as well as from its author's dogged and journalistic prose, but it is still a useful addition to any conscientious library of crime.

•

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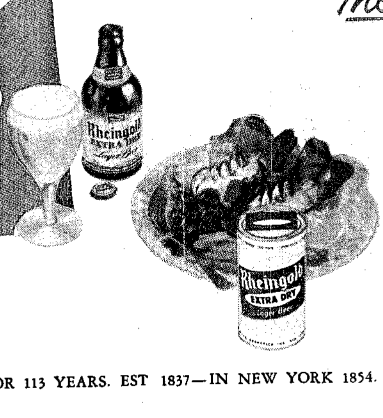
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